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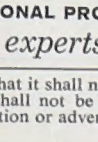

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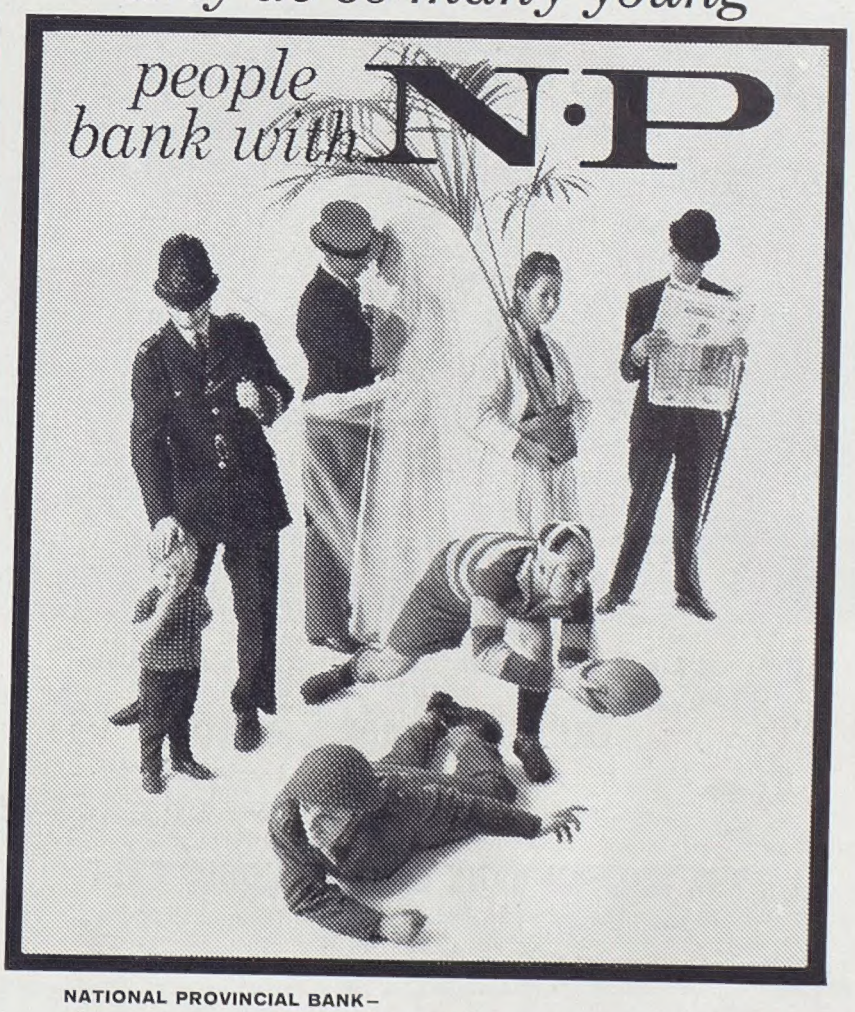

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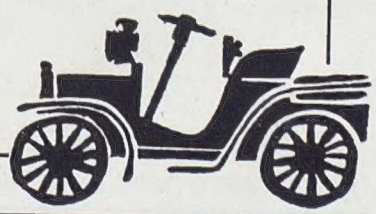

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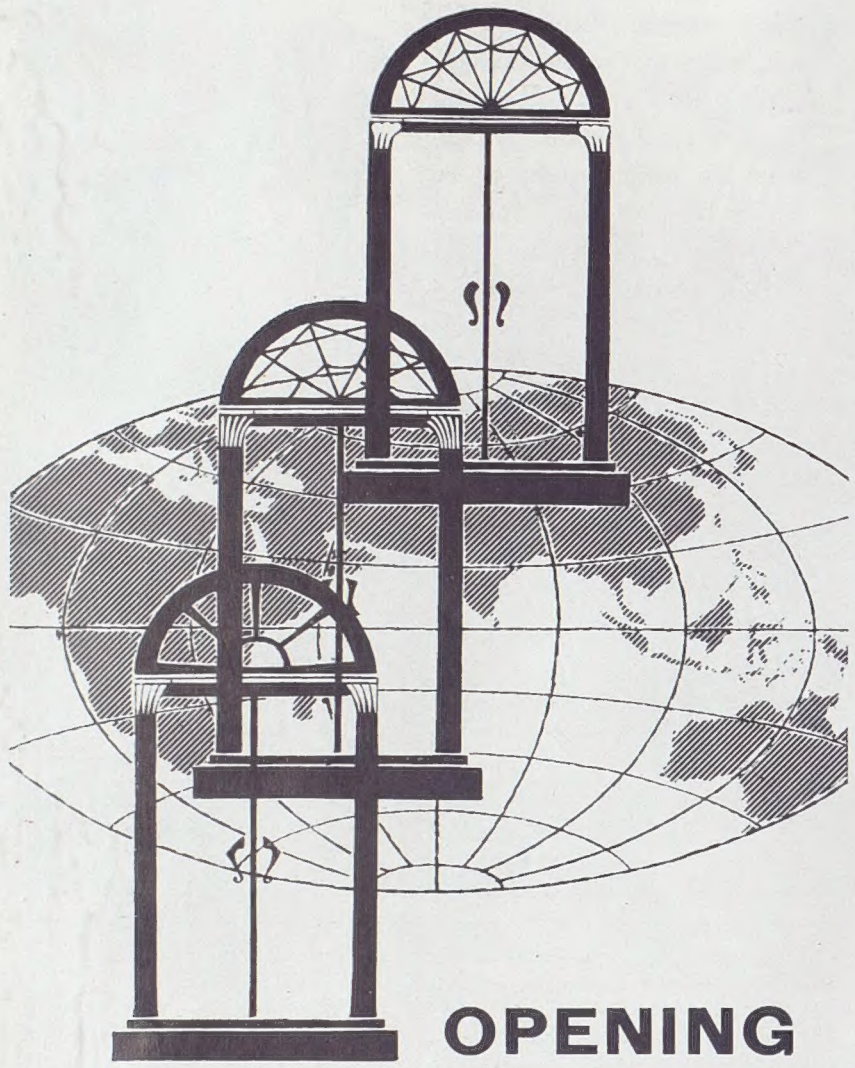

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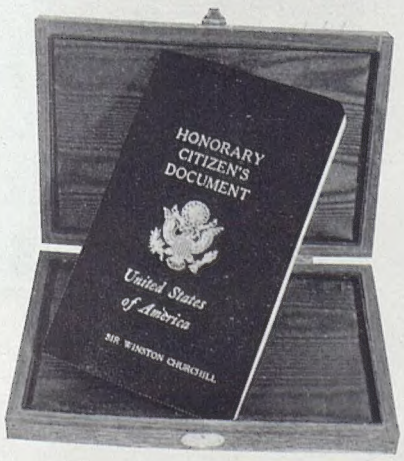

AMERICA PROCLAIMS CITIZEN CHURCHILL

In the rose garden of the White House in Washington President Kennedy reads the proclamation conferring the unique tribute of honorary citizenship of the United States upon Sir Winston Churchill. Right is Mr. Randolph Churchill who read a message of acceptance and thanks from his father and standing on the steps is his son who is named Winston after his grandfather. Left behind the table are Sir David Ormsby-Gore, the British Ambassador, and Mr. George Ball, Acting Secretary of State, holding the case containing the document of honorary citizenship. After reading the proclamation, Mr. Kennedy paid a felicitous tribute to the man he declared "was the most honoured and honourable man to walk the stage of human history at this time. . . . By adding his name to our rolls we mean to honour him but his acceptance honours us far more." Sir Winston in his message said the conferment of honorary citizenship "illuminates the theme of unity of the English-speaking peoples, to which I have devoted a large part of my life." The ceremony was transmitted to television screens in Britain by the American Relay Satellite. The document of honorary citizenship was flown to Britain and presented to Sir Winston himself in his London home by Mr. Bruce, the U.S. Ambassador

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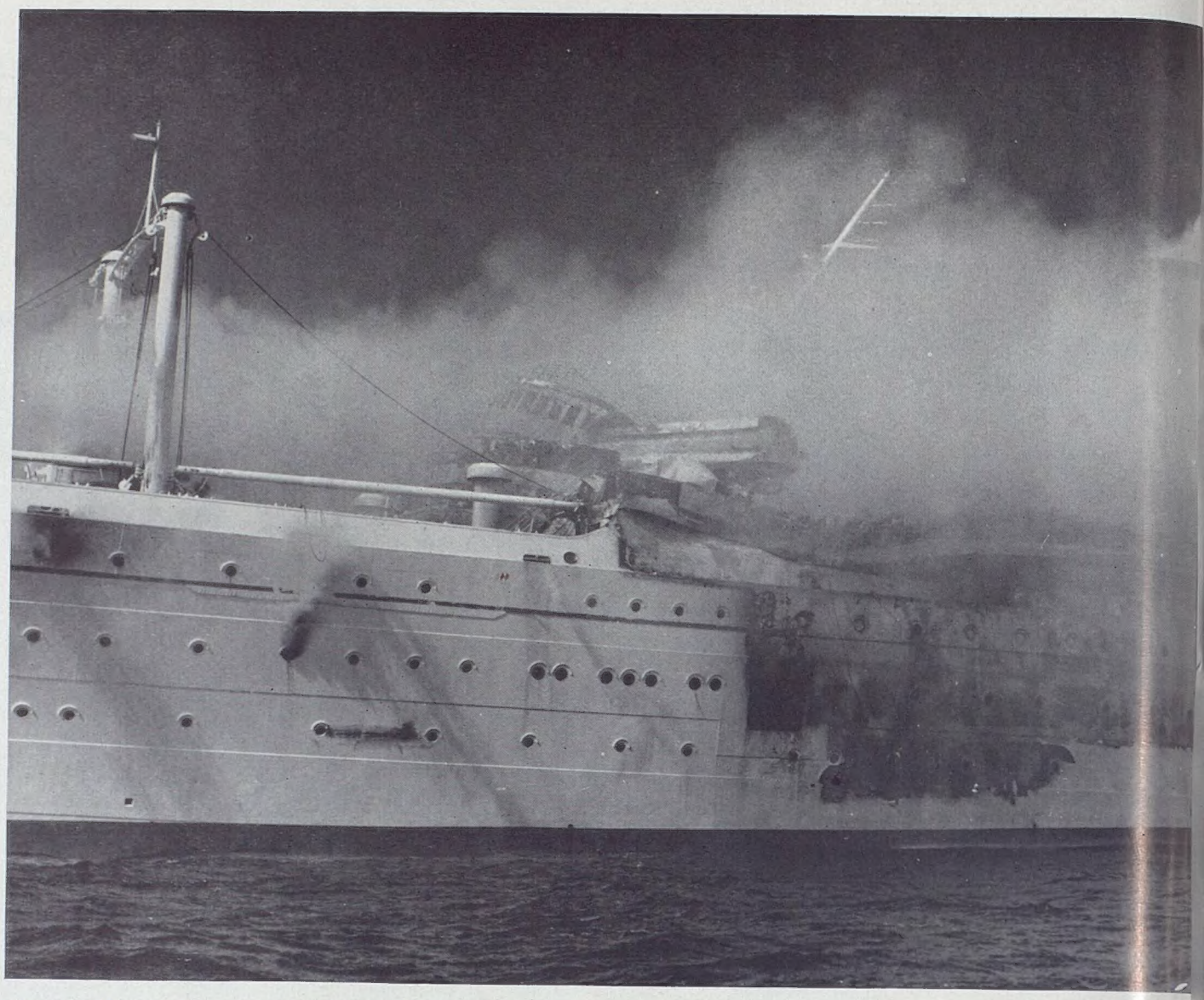
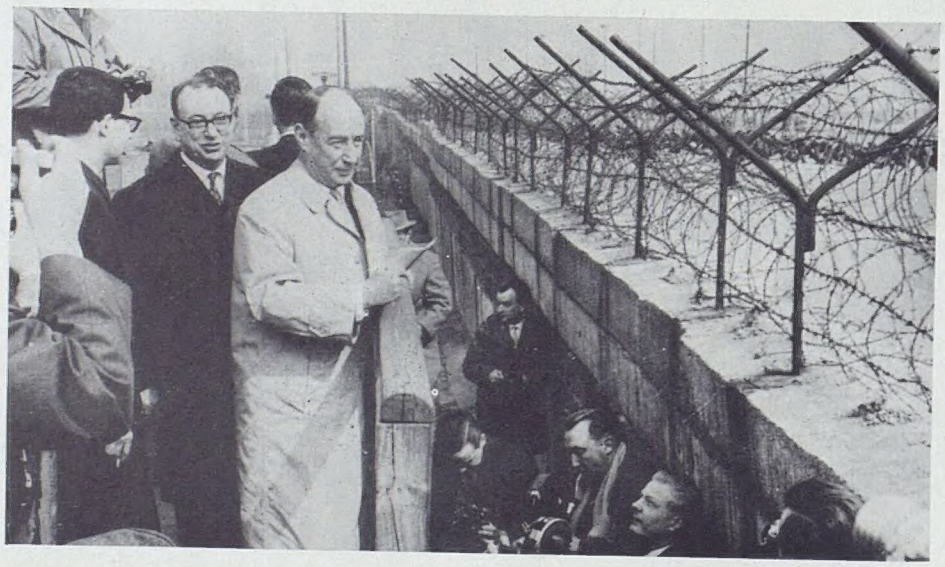


FIRE DESTROYS A MODERN GREEK LINER DUE TO SAIL TO AUSTRALIA

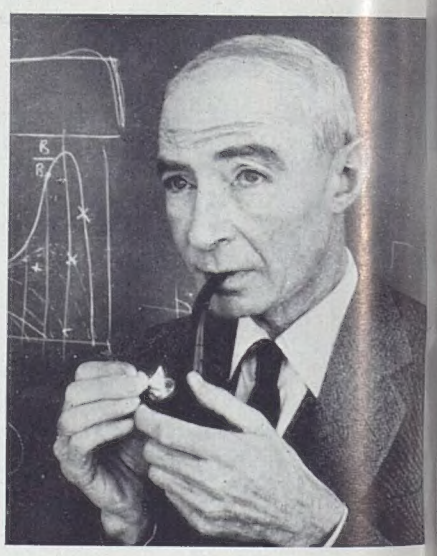
The blazing 16,355-ton Greek liner *Brittany* is towed from a floating dry-dock at Skaramanga, eight miles west of Athens, to be beached in a deserted bay off the island of Salamis. Only ten years old, she had just been repaired after being forced to turn back at the end of March while sailing from the Piraeus to Southampton. The fire broke out in the vessel in dry-dock: no passengers were on board but the crew of 320 helped fire-fighting squads. However flames spread and threatened shipyard installations, so the liner was first towed to a vacant berth and then, because of danger of explosion, she was towed off-shore and beached. Flames continued to spread as 2,000 tons of fuel leaked from her tanks and by the following day the liner was considered a total loss. Alternative arrangements were made for her 1,200 passengers, many of them bound for Australia

Below right: Mr. Stevenson, the U.S. representative to the UN looks over the Berlin Wall. On his arrival in Berlin, he renewed the U.S. pledge never to desert the city and said that the idea of transferring special UN agencies to Berlin was a useful one. Mr. Stevenson said that building the Wall appeared to be the greatest "achievement" of the East German regime. From Berlin Mr. Stevenson visited other European countries and Morocco



MR. STEVENSON LOOKS OVER THE WALL

Far right: Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer lights his pipe in his office as Director of Physics at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. It was announced recently that he was to receive the Atomic Energy Commission's 50,000-dollar Enrico Fermi Award for his contribution to theoretical physics and scientific leadership. Dr. Oppenheimer was in charge of the development of the first atom bomb, but his security clearance was withdrawn nine years ago, during the McCarthy era. It is believed that the Kennedy Administration wishes to correct what is thought to be unfair treatment



DR. OPPENHEIMER

A delegation of 30 farmers from Norfolk, at the House of Commons, to lobby their M.P.s, are with Mr. John Hill, M.P. for South Norfolk. Later last week, 300 West country farmers went to Westminster with the same aim

FARMERS LOBBY WESTMINSTER

Far right: A model of the new £1½ million wood chipboard factory being built at Hexham in Northumberland for Airscrew-Wyroc is inspected by Mr. F. C. Lynam (left), managing director of the company, and Sir Anthony Elkins, the company's chairman. Giving details of the project last week at a Press conference, Sir Anthony pointed out that when the plant comes into operation next year it will provide direct employment for about 300 skilled and unskilled workers in an area of acute unemployment

NORTH-EAST FACTORY

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE WEST INDIES CRICKET TEAM ARRIVE IN LONDON FOR THEIR TOUR OF BRITAIN

The main body of the West Indies cricket team arrive in London at Paddington station. Their captain, F. M. Worrell (in the dark overcoat), flew over earlier by air. At a Press conference he said, " We are here to enjoy ourselves and intend to adopt a fairly positive approach if the opposing sides join in with us." Two players were not present—G. Sobers and W. Hall, who were travelling from Australia. The team begins its tour of England at the end of April

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT ACTS AS CHEERLEADER FOR THE NEW SLOUGH BY-PASS

Ir. Ernest Marples, the Minister f Transport, calls on school-hildren to give three cheers for he new Slough By-pass, after pening the new 5½-mile stretch f motorway, which will even-ually form part of M.4, London o South Wales Motorway. The y-pass was opened in time for he Easter holiday rush. It ranches off to the south of the .4 at Langley and joins the laidenhead By-pass, thus en-bling motorists to avoid two usy town centres. Work is in rogress on the London end of he M.4, between the Chiswick lyover and Langley. When this completed in 1965, there will e nearly 24 miles of motorway rom Chiswick to west of Maid-nhead. Speaking at a luncheon n Slough after the opening, Mr. Marples said that he had ordered an investigation into how roads could be improved in areas affected by Dr. Beeching's plans for rail closures. Among other points, he said that engineers have been asked to consider whether abandoned railway lines can be converted into roads

DRILL PARADE IN GUILDHALL

After a lapse of 79 years, the London Rifle Brigade Rangers (T.A.) exercise their historic right to hold a drill parade inside Guildhall in the City of London. Over 100 officers and men marched through the City and among those present were bemedalled veterans and cadets. Brigadier A. D. McKenchnie, Chairman of the City of London Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association, carried out the inspection and gave an address

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

From the front are Mr. Dean Rusk, U.S.A.; Lord Home, U.K., Mr. Thanat Khoman, Foreign Minister of Thailand; Mr. Pote Sarasin, Secretary General of Seato; M. Couve de Murville, France; Mr. Emmanuel Pelaez, Philippines Foreign Minister; Mr. Jalaluddin Abdur Rahim, Pakistani Foreign Minister; Mr. D. J. Eyre, New Zealand Defence Minister and Sir Garfield Barwick, Australian Minister for External Affairs. The main business of the meeting was the worsening situation in Laos. As Lord Home pointed out, the pro-Communists were violating last year's agreement guaranteeing the country's neutrality, whereas members of the Seato alliance were strictly observing the terms of the undertaking. The gathering of the ministers in Paris was the first occasion on which Seato deliberations had been held in Europe. Expectations were at least in some measure fulfilled that in diplomatic activity outside the conference room France would show signs of thawing in her frosty attitude to Britain and America since she blocked British entry into the Common Market and refused to participate in the Anglo-American Nassau agreement. Lord Home had a 20 minute meeting with M. Couve de Murville at which the British Foreign Secretary gave his impressions of his recent visit to Tokyo where the French Foreign Minister was due to go shortly. Mr. Rusk was received by President de Gaulle and M. Pompidou, the French Prime Minister. The United States Secretary of State was with the President for more than an hour. Mr. Rusk was understood to have given him a full account of recent developments in Cuba

UNITING AGAINST COMMUNIST AGRESSION—SOUTH-EAST ASIA ORGANISATION MINISTERIAL MEETING IN PARIS

At the Canadian general election the Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative party casts his vote at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. **Far right:** The Liberal leader hands over his ballot card at a polling booth in Ottawa. Although Mr. Lester Pearson had reason to be cheerful over the result of the election the Liberals did not win the hoped-for clear majority. With the result still to be announced in two Ridings, the figures were: Liberals 127 (last Parliament 100), Conservatives 95 (116), Social Credit 24 (30), New Democratic Party 17 (19). There was general expectation that Mr. Pearson would form a coalition with one or both of the small parties but nothing could be certain until Mr. Diefenbaker showed whether he intended to resign or attempt to carry on as Prime Minister

A PENSIVE VOTE BY MR. DIEFENBAKER

MR. LESTER PEARSON—A CHEERFUL ELECTOR

JOHN CONNELL

WHO DETERS WHOM?

Scientists, I gather, have accumulated enough evidence to persuade themselves that ours is the only planet in the solar system on which life of any kind—let alone human life—exists. We must look beyond, into the immense distances of space, into galaxy upon galaxy, to discover whether or not this mysterious quickening of salt water slime, which has produced a Socrates, a Shakespeare and an Einstein, is a unique phenomenon, confined—for some reason known only to the creator of the universe—to one of the minor satellites of a small star.

Meanwhile, we human beings may or may not be able to fortify ourselves with the thought that we are indeed God's peculiar people. And (I thought once or twice in the week before Easter) a pretty rum lot He may well find us—redeemed by His blessed mercy and passion, yet busily working to encompass the total destruction of our earthly habitation. It is as if a race of ants, suddenly demented by the fact that half of them were red and the other half white, set about blowing up their anthill, killing the vast majority of their number, and making the survivors sterile. But we are, so we believe, higher in the scale of creation than any ants, however industrious—see my earlier reference to Socrates *et al.* Much of the week before Easter was devoted by politicians and newspapers, all thought to be sane and responsible, to a lively discussion about whether or not the United Kingdom should retain what is smoothly termed "the independent nuclear deterrent," and the week before that millions of us had been given by BBC Television an elementary lesson or two in the principles of the latest war-game, called " Overkill." It seems highly probable that about this time next year we, the British

Mr. McNamara, the U.S. Defence Secretary, in Britain for talks on defence, is at Battersea Heliport, London, with Earl Mountbatten, Chief of the U.K. Defence Staff

people, will be voting in a General Election, the main issue in which is to be our retention or our abandonment of our independent nuclear deterrent.

The post-Nassau deal between Britain and the United States was announced on April 9, under which Britain is able to purchase up to 100 Polaris weapons which will be installed in H.M. submarines. Our V-bomber force is not to be broken up, and our " conventional " forces, stationed in Europe, are to be increased. Such is Conservative policy on defence, and the Prime Minister has declared, quite unequivocally, that he will make it the chief plank in his Party's election platform.

The Leader of the Opposition, on the other hand, in a television interview which he recorded during his visit to the United States (it was broadcast there on Palm Sunday), has made it clear that his Party's policy, in the event of their return to power, will be to hand over Britain's nuclear forces to NATO control, giving the United States a veto on its use and abandoning the right to withdraw it in a purely national emergency.

Under pretty tough cross-examination Mr. Wilson agreed that he and his Party are prepared to let Britain become a second-class military power, if being " first-rate " means remaining in the nuclear race. While regretting, as surely any sensible person must, the fact that this is to be a big General Election issue, and perceiving the irony of it—I simply dare not contemplate the speeches that candidates of commonplace calibre are likely to make—I have no intention of minimising the dreadful dilemma in which Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Wilson find themselves.

I think it is only realistic to face the fact, not that Britain may become a second-rate military power, but that Britain is already—in terms of nuclear strategy—out of the top league. If Cuba in October and Nassau in December last year taught us any lesson, surely it was simply this: the Atlantic alliance and all European defence arrangements must be based on the assumption that the United States Government is fully prepared to go to war, *with nuclear weapons*, in defence of a vital interest of its own, but does not and cannot regard any commitment of its allies (however important it may seem to the particular ally) as worth the risk of involvement in all-out nuclear war.

This is the core of American thinking on strategy: the President of the United States must be, on the Western side, the only man who can press the button. Deliberately I have put it in these bald, elementary terms, because it is only too easy—and in my view it is dangerously deceptive—to wrap it up in contemporary defence jargon. The news of the intention to set up the " hot line "—the telephone or teleprinter direct link between the Kremlin and the White House—was obviously an implementation of this kind of strategic thinking; and the speed with which British spokesmen quacked " Us too, us too! " would have been riotously funny had it not been pitiable. Washington showed a marked disinclination to hear the quacks, because (I think it is fair to assume) Washington had just come to the conclusion that Mr. Wilson's defence policy is likely to be much more to its taste, and much more in line with Pentagon and White House strategy, than Mr. Macmillan's.

Mr. Wilson, there is no doubt, made an excellent impression on his American hosts. He ranged manfully up to the New Frontier, and showed himself to be a regular guy. Compared with the angular, proud de Gaulle, with his vision of a Western Europe under benevolent and paternal French leadership, and compared with the battered Macmillan who failed to take Britain into EEC and turned wistfully back to the Commonwealth (a political concept for which contemporary Americans have little or no liking), Mr. Wilson is a startlingly co-operative kind of ally. He talks the Americans' own language.

I am bound to say (if I may borrow one of Hugh Gaitskell's favourite phrases) that I believe that Mr. Wilson thinks and talks as he does under the compulsion of facts as he sees them. But they are facts, I also believe, arranged in a political pattern which suits the Americans, but cannot be guaranteed at all times to suit Britain's needs and interests.

Six and a half years ago Suez showed that, where what both the British and French Governments considered to be a vital interest of both countries was involved, the United States not considering it an American vital interest would and could prevent them from going it alone. Cuba last autumn showed that, where what the American Government considered to be a vital interest of its own was involved, the United States—with the minimum of consultation with its allies—would and could go it alone. And now we all know that the heads of state in the USA and the USSR, in order to prevent a nuclear conflict breaking out, are prepared to talk to each other direct, without consultation with London, Paris or Bonn.

These are the harsh facts of the present situation. They are not static. It is calculated that Communist China will possess a thermo-nuclear bomb by the 1970s. France's build-up is further ahead. Neither Israel nor Egypt is expending large sums in missile research for the fun of it; and in both countries the pretext of " peaceful purpose " has become too thin to maintain. The international nuclear race is on; and it is folly to ignore it, or to argue that it is not yet in a crucially dangerous phase.

Mr. Macmillan's way out of Britain's dilemma is neither clear nor cheap. His defence policy, so far as I understand, has three principal aims: (1) to continue to make an independent contribution to the nuclear deterrent capacity of the Western alliance, (2) to maintain a sizeable and efficient ground force in Europe, and (3) to retain some capacity to influence events outside Europe—in Africa, S.E. Asia and the Middle East. As *The Times* put it, with ironic lack of emphasis, " it will be a notable achievement if this can be done without an eventually significant increase in the defence budget."

Mr. Harold Wilson has no intention of increasing the defence budget, and it is quite clear that he would seek, in power, to reduce the proportion of the gross national product now devoted to the armed services. Our atomic warheads and our force of V-bombers would be transferred to NATO, which is precisely where the Americans want them to be; and our conventional forces in Europe (here Socialists and Conservatives appear to agree) would be stepped up, thus taking some of the strain off American manpower and America's foreign exchange resources. The logic of the defence situation, Mr. Wilson holds, is that the United States is " the custodian, on behalf of the West, of the strategic deterrent." This seems the soundest of sense—to the American Government.

But translated into English terms it means total and permanent acceptance of the fact that Britain's defence is in foreign hands. Is it not conceivable that the Soviet Union, as the price for a settlement in Europe, may urge the USA to put pressure on Britain to follow policies —say in Africa or in the Middle East—which would be directly contrary to British interests? Is it not possible that the possession of an independent deterrent, however small, inferior and old-fashioned, is some kind of guarantee of a British Government's continuing capacity—as well as will—to pursue an independent policy? It is tactless, I know, but I think it may well be salutary, to point out that an independent deterrent may be worth retaining not merely to contain Communism and to bring some kind of influence to bear on Soviet policy, but also to prevent too absolute an outside control over British policy and British external relations, whether in or out of the Commonwealth.

The Chuting Stars, a U.S. Navy Sky Diving demonstration team, await exit turns at 12,500 ft.

Exit from the unloading platform into the plane's slipstream

THE SKY MEN

demonstrate in California

They normally leave their planes at 12,500 ft., either from the plane door or from the unloading platform. From there on, the Chuting Stars have 10,000 ft. of sky space to manoeuvre in before the rip cord is pulled. Their usual altitude for parachute opening is 2,500 ft.

The exercise looks dangerous, but in fact this U.S. navy demonstration team in all the 4,200 jumps it has made since it was formed in 1960 has had only four injuries. It has performed at over 80 air shows around the United States. One of the aims in sky diving is to land as close to a given ground point as it is possible. A certain amount of lateral control can be obtained during the free-fall by extending arms and legs. After that, special parachutes with open panels allow for further steering. The real skill is in controlling the free fall.

To make their manoeuvres visible to spectators on the ground, the Chuting Stars trail coloured smoke from pods attached to their feet. The Chuting Stars say they have no fear of sky diving, and have every confidence in the equipment they use.

The team demonstrates how lateral control can be obtained by extending arms and legs. The maximum track is one foot horizontally for one foot of vertical descent

n the free fall, the Chuting Stars delay parachute opening for about one minute. The fastest descent—up to 200 m.p.h.—is the "Delta." The rip cord is pulled at 2,500 ft.

Using a special attachment, this jumper takes a mid-air photo

Passing the baton. Two jumpers perform this precisely-timed manoeuvre during the demonstration in California. Smoke pods on their ankles reveal their positions

THE OUTDOOR MEN

Learning the ropes at Harrison Rocks, near Tunbridge Wells—a young climber lowers himself from an outcrop

David Mitchell, the 1962 British champion, takes his c noe through the Wild Water Test on the Leven in Scot nd. **Below:** A. L. Thwaites disappears into a bank of am

The British are still a nation of sports-lovers who support a range of outdoor activities hardly paralleled in the rest of the world. Many of these activities are the result of viewing any natural obstacle as a challenge to be overcome by skill. Rocks are an instance. British climbers, having whetted their appetites on what their homeland has to offer, have set out to conquer the highest peaks in the world. One of the most famous training grounds for young climbers is in Kent, near Tunbridge Wells. This is an outcrop called Harrison Rocks.

Another increasingly popular sport is canoeing. Recently a Wild Water Test was held on the river Leven in Scotland. Such tests are held about nine times a year, provided there has been enough rain to make the water fast-running and turbulent enough. At times hidden under the water and obscured by clouds of spray, the canoeists guide their fragile craft through the rapids. Some of the competitors in the recent test, including the winner David Mitchell, are to compete in the International Canoe Slalom Championships in Austria in August.

Geoffrey Blackford of Worcester Canoe Club is almost submerged beneath the foaming Leven during the Timed Test

Canoeing photographs by Ian Ball

b

In the England-Scotland Association football international at Wembley, Banks, the English goalkeeper, fails to stop the shot from Baxter, the Scottish left half, which scored Scotland's first goal. Baxter also scored Scotland's other goal, enabling the visitors to win by 2—1. Injuries marred the match early on, Caldow, Scotland's captain, breaking a leg

A London Newsletter

13-15, John Adam Street, W.C.2.

FAITH AND HONESTY. I always hesitate to touch on questions of religion. For no subject arouses such bitterness of opposing views, and although Charity is a chief plank in the Christian religion, it is far from prominent in criticism. Bishop Robinson has been " honest to God " in restating his own beliefs and his book has thrown a bomb and not a squib. It is not the first bomb by any means, before or since the time of Darwin. *Lux Mundi*, published in 1889, rocked the Church and more than one Bishop has been charged with sabotage. Much of the contents of *Honest to God* is clearly far above my head, and out of my depth. For this I am sorry, for always I have needed guidance in the matter of faith. Congregations are sparser than they were and that may mean that the chaff has been sifted from the wheat. Even so, among the remnant that remains (the faithful) there must be a large percentage of all ages who give lip-service every Sunday to meaningless words and inacceptable beliefs, and sing some of the old hymns without attaching importance to the imagery they conjure up, too often in lamentable doggerel harnessed to dragging tunes. For such as they, including myself, there is real need for guidance and a restatement of essential faith, if a charge of hypocrisy is not to be levelled at the respectable habit of church-going. Well I know that childhood tradition (even superstition) is an impetus; and the fact that nowhere else can one hear so continuously English prose at its loveliest, is perhaps another. But neither of these impetuses has anything to do with religious beliefs.

HIS SISTERS AND HIS COUSINS. Lord St. Davids voiced an objection to one item in the recommendations of the " Benn Benefit " Commission's Report: the admission to the Lords of hereditary peeresses. Few as they are, their admission would cause embarrassment to him. He would be compelled to sit in judgment beside his mother and no fewer than three female cousins. Further researches prove that Lords Howard of Glossop, Mersey and Carlisle would be similarly afflicted by the near neighbourhood in the House of wives, mothers and female cousins. It is a surprise that a mere handful of peeresses can bring such mass embarrassment on four out of the 800 and more peers, and it may be that further research will reveal other victims. But is Lord St. Davids' objection valid? Obviously he intended to throw no doubts on the fitness of the hereditary peeresses to hold their own *per se* among the 800-odd (some very odd) peers. What was in his mind, no doubt, was the doubt whether a male can be at his best and can fully exercise such judgment as he may possess, in the presence of his female relations or whether their presence at his side must handicap and embarrass him. It is quite true that a man's opinions are often differently, sometimes more convincingly and forcibly, expressed in the company of men than in mixed company. It is also true that husbands and wives seldom sit together on the same petty-sessional Bench, committee or even parish council, probably because it has been recognised that they incline to cancel each other out or know too much about each other's failings. That may well cramp a man's style. But the recommendations provide a remedy for the embarrassment caused by family bloc-representation—the survival of the fittest, the weakest going to the wall and opting out—and not necessarily the females of the species, will elect to opt out.

JEREMIADS. The shock reactions of human beings to the consequences of change are very seldom 100 per cent. reasonable or justified. When the devil's-kettle-on-rails (later to be known as BR) was first planned, Britain was still largely agricultural, and landowners, fox-hunters and squires were up in arms. The damned invention would cut through the best fox-coverts and kill hunting and the coaching interests. They were only half right. Fox hunting flourished for another century. Then the safety bicycle arrived, it became a delightful fashion, but few had an inkling of the profound

In Hever Castle, Mr. Gavin Astor and his wife Lady Irene (centre) show preview visitors around their home

revolution it would bring in Victorian social life. When the " horseless carriage " arrived, no one foresaw how completely that social revolution would be fulfilled. When the aeroplane arrived, we mourned the death of our island security, but had no inkling of the form which enemy invasion would take. And now the Beeching revolution quickly reveals that our jeremiads and prophecies of doom are not as basic and realistic as they might be. We are warning Mr. Marples that Beeching's axe can do a useful job only if he (Mr. Marples) replaces with adequate road transport every branch-railway line which is axed and removes all restrictions on private forms of public transport. The buses must be capable of carrying every sort of luggage and baby-carriage which rail-travellers and tourists transported by rail, and also mail and some agricultural produce. But these alternative forms of transport imply and depend on a new root and branch revolution in road building. The new fleets of road vehicles will need M.1 types of road in rural areas. Such roads take long to build, and are expensive in money and acreage. Our warning to Mr. Marples pre-supposes that by a gigantic effort and expenditure he can do the job and give the all-clear to the Beeching axe. What we have not yet appreciated is that, while

Prince Philip studies panels in the central control room of the 275 mW Nuclear Power Station at Berkeley, Glos., after he had opened it. The ceremony was linked by closed-circuit television with the opening of another power station at Bradwell in Essex. **Right:** Prince Philip with Mr. Peter Scott, Director of the Wild Fowl Trust, at Slimbridge, Glos.

A view of Hever Castle near Edenbridge, Kent. The Castle was opened to the public from Easter Sunday for certain days each week

At Wadebridge, Cornwall, a new bridge is under construction to ease traffic over the River Camel. It is expected to be completed this summer

expansion in our population and in our inventive genius grows ever more wonderful, the acreage of our small island has remained exactly as it was in 1066.

THE TAXPAYER'S DOUBLE BILL. There was space for all in the sky when the planes came, and no doubt there is space still. But our acreage in Britain is, in some vital areas, already mortgaged up to the hilt and cannot for years be converted to the kind of roads needed to carry the overspill from the doomed railways. It is quite possible that we exaggerate the unwillingness of our farmers to yield up more land for road building. It has lately been hinted to them that perhaps they produce too much; and the claims of new roads for land may well be offset by land given back to farming where railway lines are closed. But in one respect our jeremiads over the Beeching axe are probably not exaggerated —the financial aspect to the taxpayer. These essential new roads are fantastically expensive to build and not very rapidly built. Until they are built and open, the threatened branch-lines cannot be closed, nor can those branch-lines be closed until every valid local objection has been heard and overruled. It must follow that until those roads are finished and those lines closed, you and I, the tax- and rate-payers, will have to pay for the extra cost of the new roads plus the continuing annual deficit on BR running. And neither little bill can be dismissed as trivial. When at last the Minister of Transport of the day has achieved his double miracle . . . count them on the roads!

LOOK TO YOUR DUSTBINS. Since the beginning of this century, we have imported from Americans so much in the way of stunts and fashions which I have hesitated to call either desirable or worthy, that I am glad to learn that at last we are getting our own back and selling them junk as worthless as some of their exports to Britain. Some shrewd "antique" dealers in Britain employ large teams who examine our dustbins and extract from them all kinds of unconsidered trifles and damaged or scrapped Victoriana likely to appeal to American souvenir hunters and collectors and to tourists in general. One British antique dealer makes two large shipments every year to New York; and California is rapidly becoming a booming market for him. Last year his trade in junk reached the £1 million mark. American tourists to Britain last year took home 5,000 chamberpots from our dustbins. They find them admirable as punch-bowls. They especially like old Victorian pianos, minus the "works," and they convert them into cocktail bars for the living room. And almost anything will do that is made of brass and polished up. The warehouses of London are bursting with packing cases of rubbish not worth a penny a piece in Britain which find a profitable sale as "genuine antiques" in New York or San Francisco. In short, the "taste" of these American collectors is highly approved by some of our shrewd exporters, and while the craze lasts it is up to all of us to think twice before consigning anything to the dustbin, from a broken chamberpot to a dismembered plastic toy. There are rich Americans prepared to pay very high prices for anything we discard as rubbish. I find this trade in junk a very stimulating instance of time's revenges, and I hope that the taste of U.S. collectors will continue to "improve" and benefit our balance of payments. And note that an old piano that doesn't work and a chamberpot without a handle fetch higher prices in the States than those which are whole. American collectors buy for conversion and these damaged goods give far more satisfaction on both sides of the Atlantic when displayed in American homes than when dumped on English beauty-spots.

THE OLD STAGER

Last year, the Royal Shakespeare Company played to 96 per cent. capacity for the long season at their theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon. This gives an idea of the present popularity of Shakespeare among the theatre-going public as well as a measure of the success of the company. In London, its production of King Lear has been an epoch-making hit. Not content to rest on their laurels, the Royal Shakespeare have planned ambitious seasons both in Stratford and London this year, and are actively hoping to build a new theatre for themselves in London. It is clear that the new National Theatre will have strong competition.

To make way for the new National Theatre, the Old Vic as such is coming to an end, as their home is to be the interim stamping ground of the National Theatre from this summer. The last production at the Old Vic is *Measure for Measure*, directed by Michael Elliott who has done much to restore the Old Vic's reputation in its last days. Against striking sets by Malcolm Pride, he has striven for a simple, powerful production of this bitter dark comedy of sexual disgust. It falls short of its aim because of deficiencies in casting. In contrast, much of the esteem in which the Royal Shakespeare is held is due to the strength of the large, resident company of actors that has been assembled. This, for instance, has enabled Peter Hall to open the Stratford season with two new productions only a week apart—a deliberately original version of *The Tempest* and *Julius Caesar*, with Kenneth Haig making his Stratford debut as Mark Antony.

JULIUS CAESAR: The Soothsayer bids Caesar (Roy Dotrice) " Beware the Ides of March " on his way to receive the acclaim of Rom

ENTERTAINMENT

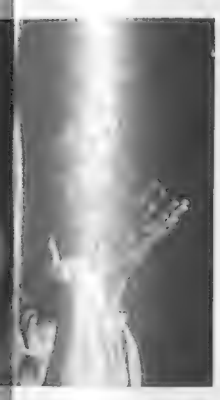
THE SHAKESPEARE BUSINESS

The opening of the Season at Stratford-upon-Avon : the last-ever Old Vic production

Conspiring Cassius (Cyril Cusack). **Right:** Brutus (Tom Fleming) comforts Portia (Cherry Morris)

THE TEMPEST: Before Prospero's cell, Ferdinand (Ian McCulloch), Prospero (Tom Fleming) and Miranda (Philippa Urquhart). **Below:** Black and aboriginal Caliban (Roy Dotrice), Trinculo (David Warner) and Stephano (Derek Smith)
Tempest *photographs by Gordon Goode*

With for[illegible]ng, Brutus (Tom Fleming), left, watches the scene



[illegible]lpurnia (Susan Engel) fears for Caesar's life. **Right:** [illegible]ark Antony (Kenneth Haig) and Octavius (Charles Kay)

On the Capitol, the conspirators surround Caesar to stab him to death

Photographs of Julius Caesar *and* Measure for Measure *by Reg Wilson*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE: Elbow, the Constable (Russell Hunter) confides in Escalus (George Howe)

Left: In the final scene of reconciliation, Isabella (Dilys Hamlett) kneels before The Duke (James Maxwell). On extreme left are Lucio (Anthony Morton) and Angelo

Right: Mariana (Irene Hamilton) professes her abiding love towards the repentant Angelo

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

An old cannon in an historic fort in Nassau

BAHAMAS

Background to forthcoming talks in London for a new constitution

Sir Robert Stapledon, Governor of the Bahamas since 1960

Mr. S. L. Sands, who is a lawyer and member of the Executive Council

A view of Hope Town on Abaco, an Out Island. Abaco is one of the more populous of t

In recent months the Bahamas have been prominent in the news for two reasons. Last December President Kennedy and Mr. Macmillan had their important talks about the Anglo-American alliance and Western defence in Nassau, the capital of the islands. More lately there have been headlines about anti-Castro Cubans trying to use uninhabited islands in the archipelago as bases for their activities. Next month the Bahamas will again be attracting attention. Talks open in London on May 1 regarding constitutional changes in this colony.

Out of about 3,000 islands and rocks extending for over 500 miles, no more than 22 are inhabited. New Providence, with a population of probably 53,000, is the most important because on it is Nassau. The other islands are known as Out Islands. The total population of all the islands was estimated two years ago to be about 107,000. In the 1953 census there were 61,627 people of African descent, 12,025 of mixed descent and 10,709 of European descent. The importance of the Bahamas in the history of the world needs no stressing today. For it was in 1492 Columbus landed on San Salvador and discovered the New World. The British settled on the islands in 1629.

The constitutional organs are the Governor representing the Sovereign; the Executive Council, which advises him but which he can overrule; the Legislative Council of 11 members nominated by the Crown; the House of Assembly (33 members) elected by popular vote in 15 districts or constituencies. The vote was limited to men with certain property and business qualifications until 1959. Then universal male adult suffrage was introduced. From the middle of last year adult women have had the vote. They exercised their right at the elections last November. At the poll the United Bahamian Party won 19 seats in the Assembly, the Progressive Liberal Party eight, and independents four.

The purpose of the coming constitutional conference in London was outlined by Mr. Sandys, in his capacity as Secretary of State for the Colonies, after he had had discussions in the Bahamas last December. He said it was agreed the time had come for the Bahamian people to exercise a wider measure of responsibility for the government of the country. Next month proposals will be put forward to bring the Bahamian constitution up to date.

There seems little doubt that all attending the conference will recognise that the basis of the colony's economic prosperity is the tourist trade. This has made the Bahamas a valuable dollar earner in the sterling area.

Vessels in the harbour at Nassau

WEALTH

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Bahamas, ... ing around 3,500 inhabitants

Above: At a Press conference in London to announce plans for the British Trade Exhibition in Sydney next year are, from left, Sir Eric Harrison, Australian High Commissioner, Mr. Erroll, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Lamb, General Manager of British Overseas Fairs

Below: With John Pithey (extreme left), captain of the Rhodesian cricket XI, are three Test captains — Ted Dexter (England), John Reid (New Zealand) and Richie Benaud (Australia). The first two were playing under the captaincy of Benaud for Cavaliers touring side against Rhodesia in Salisbury

Senaka Senanayake

"At the Well" by Senanayake

Another painting by the boy artist

COMMONWEALTH ART

An exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre, London, from April 19—May 2 by a boy-prodigy from Ceylon

Many a painter too old to be called promising would give a lot to have been the author of the works in an exhibition opened at the Ceylon Tea Centre this week. These are by an 11-year-old boy from Colombo, Senaka Senanayake. The remarkable thing about these pictures is that they are not obviously the work of a child. Most pictures by children are instantly recognisable as such, but these show a precocious mastery of composition. Considering his age, Senanayake has an astonishing sureness in handling his medium, whether oil paint or watercolour. He is said to have received no formal training—indeed to have been expressly protected from it—and if so, his intuitive understanding of form reveals how unnecessary a programme of academic art teaching may be.

Paintings by Senanayake have already been exhibited in America and West Germany; in both places his work was widely praised. Only once before has Senanayake been seen in London. Mr. Eric Newton selected him for the exhibition of Commonwealth Painting at the Commonwealth Institute last year. From his representation there London realised that Senanayake was special enough to warrant a one-man show. Now through the Ceylon High Commission that has been made possible at the Ceylon Tea Centre. Ceylon has a long tradition in painting, but the indigenous character of its early art has undergone continual modification by Western influences. In spite of the dilution of national characteristics, a certain richness and interest in rhythmic movement prevails in the work of Senaka Senanayake, and these have always been typical of art in Ceylon.

A fast train on the railway line between Berne, Lötschberg and Simplon in the area near Hohtenn where there are commanding views of the Rhône valley

A SCENIC RAILWAY

A 60-year-old engineering achievement in the Swiss Alps

The main railway line through the Bernese Alps has been described as the finest scenic railway, a panoramic railway. The description is just. For trains pass an ever-changing succession of magnificent Alpine landscapes. There are, however, sections of the line from which there is no view. There are many tunnels, the longest of which is the Lötschberg tunnel, on the central part of the line. It is 9¾ miles long and was opened 60 years ago this year and is a great feat of engineering. It is passages such as this under the mountains which enable the traveller to enjoy such splendid views elsewhere on the journey.

At one point, mountain peaks are seen soaring above green foothills. Next, perhaps, are wild ravines carved out by glaciers. Then blue lakes may appear below the railway. There are bridges and viaducts which offer magnificent panoramas.

(Continued on page 92)

The Stockgraben gallery of the Lötschberg railway in Valais

Lötschberg tunnel

The defences against avalanches built across the steep cliffs of the Lonza ravine

Left: Another aspect of the view of the Rhône from Hohtenn. **Above:** A school outing at Kandersteg

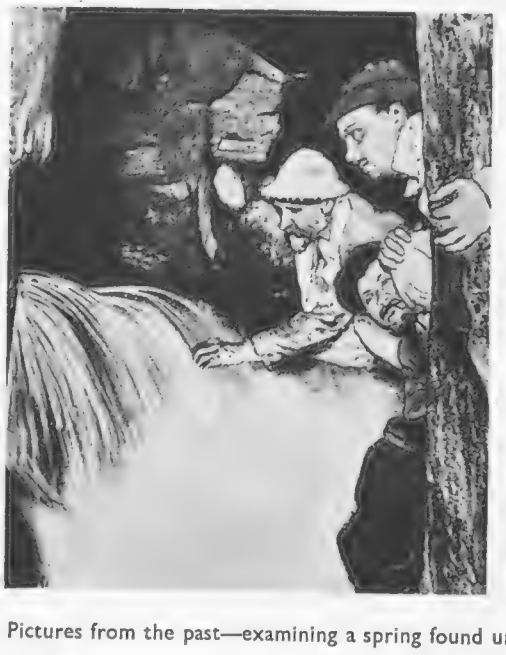
The harbour at Interlaken on the Lake of Thun. Interlaken is the metropolis of the Bernese Oberland

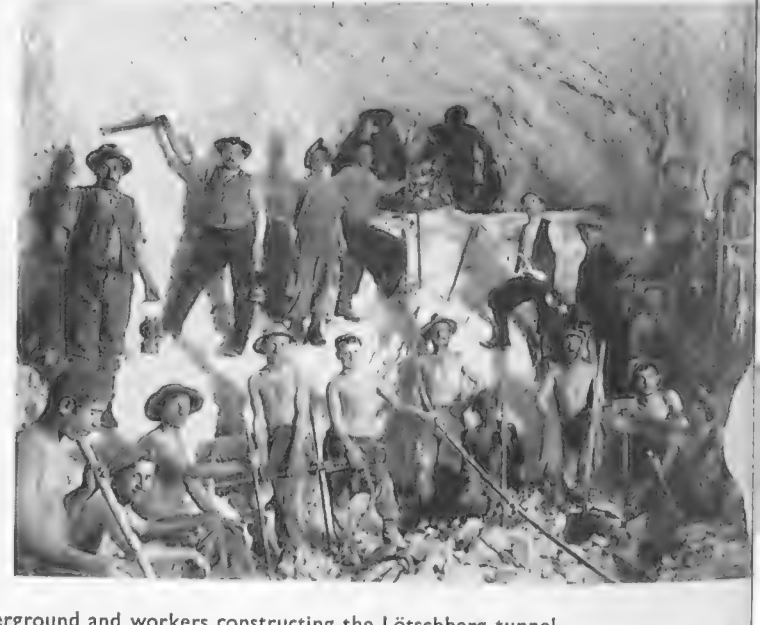
A SCENIC RAILWAY

(*Continued from page 90*)

The Berne-Lötschberg-Simplon railway is 77 miles long and is one of the connecting links between north and south Europe, forming the shortest railway route between London and Paris on the one hand and Milan and Genoa on the other. North of the Lötschberg tunnel is the Kandersteg valley dominated by the Blumisalp. South of the tunnel, between Goppenstein and Brigùe, the track rises 1,240 ft. above the Rhône valley. After Brigùe one enters the Simplon tunnel and through this arrives in Italy.

The B.L.S. railway has branch lines to many centres of interest. One is Interlaken on the Lake of Brienz—" the metropolis of the Bernese Oberland."





Pictures from the past—examining a spring found underground and workers constructing the Lötschberg tunnel

MALTA'S HISTORY IN STONE

More and more tourists go to Malta these days for a holiday, on which most will do some sightseeing. Whatever buildings they see, it is likely that the stone will be a particularly attractive kind of limestone. From the 3,000-year-old Temples of Mnaidra, through the fortresses and keeps built to withstand the waves of invaders, to the hotels and flats of today, this stone has been used to give the island's variegated architecture a unified appeal. (In Britain the advantages of using a distinctive stone are shown, for instance, in Bath, with its famous oolitic limestone.) Many of Malta's quarries are run on traditional lines, by hand methods handed down from generation to generation, but gradually mechanical cutters, imported from Italy, are coming into use.

For those interested in esoteric information, Malta's limestone is called Globigerina, a term usually employed to describe a kind of deep-sea mud or ooze, composed of decayed globigerinae. Globigerinae are a foraminiferous rhizopod, in other words a microscopic shell creature.

On the two pages overleaf are illustrated some of Malta's buildings in this kind of limestone.

n have cut and moved the stone from Malta's limestone quarries in the same way for centuries

t today, mechanical stone cutters are coming into use

Man power is still used to carry the stone: and a blindfolded mule still makes its endless circular journey to work the tripod tackle

Three thousand years ago, the megalithic temples of Mnaidra were built of limestone

MALTA'S HISTORY IN STONE

The Church of St. Lawrence, Church of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem

Fairy lights for a Feast Day pick out the Egg and Poultry church in Mgarr village

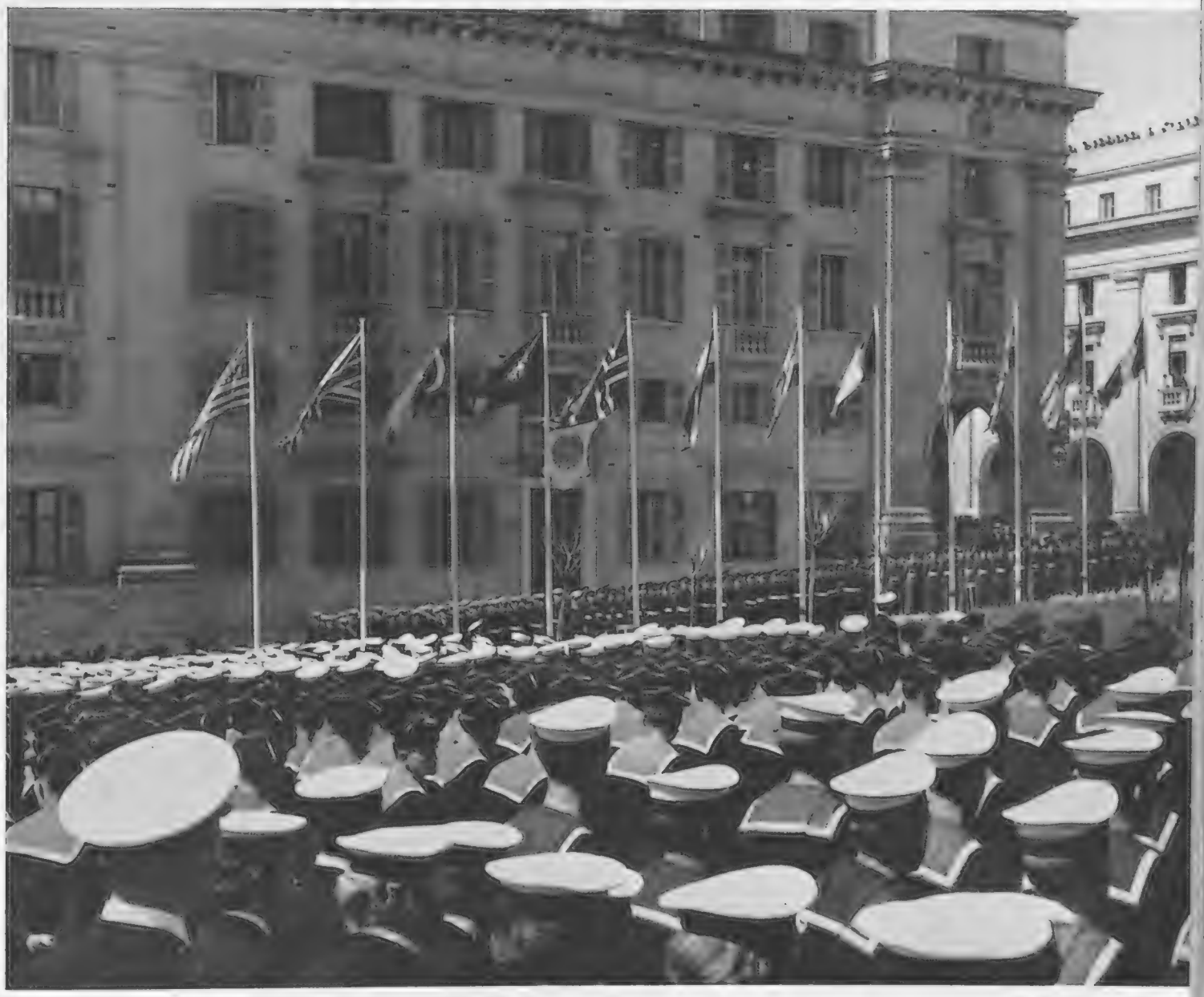
Early fortifications—the Fort of St. Angelo built in the First Century A.D.

The Selmun Tower Palace, built to withstand the Ottoman invaders

Today, a mode

The Kingsgate Bus Terminus in Valetta is dominated by the limestone bulk of the Phoenicia Hotel. Foreground are two horse-drawn cabs

ock of flats



Sailors from NATO countries parade beneath their countries' flags outside the newly-built NATO headquarters in Malta

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

FLEETING FLASH OF BLUE LIGHTNING

It was the Rainbow gave thee birth,
And left thee all her lovely hues;
And, as her mother's name was Tears,
So runs it in her blood to choose
For haunts the lonely pools, and keep
In company with trees that weep.

So, W. H. Davies. He was a better naturalist, if not a better poet, than Shelley. For in *Prometheus Unbound* you will find this astonishing passage:

I cannot tell my joy when o'er a lake
Upon a drooping bough with night shade twined
I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward
And thinning one bright branch of amber berries
With long quick beaks, and in the deep there lay
Those lovely forms imaged as in the sky.

Which shows a quite remarkable ignorance of the habits of the kingfisher.

Though Shelley never saw anything of the sort, he may perhaps be forgiven his poetic licence, for the kingfisher is a bird of legendary fame and power. The Greek name, halcyon, indicates that it broods on the sea: and it was thought for a very long time that it did in fact nest on the sea. Aristotle has this to say:

> Its nest is like sea balls, the things that go by the name of sea foam, only the colour is not the same. The colour of the nest is light red and the shape is that of the long-necked gourd. The nests are larger than the largest sponge, though they vary in size. They are roofed over, and great part of them is solid and great part hollow. If you use a sharp knife it is not easy to cut the nest through; but if you cut it and at the same time bruise it with your hand it will soon crumble to pieces. The opening is small, just enough for a tiny entrance, so that even if the nest upset the sea does not enter in; the hollow channels are like those in sponges. It is not known for certain of what material the nest is constructed; it is possibly made of the backbones of the garfish, for, by the way, the bird lives on fish.

That is a careful and accurate observation of the floating zoophyte which Linnaeus named *halcyonium*: only the premise is false. But, though the sea could not enter in and the nest could not sink, it was evident that brooding would normally be a pretty uncomfortable business and so the Gods granted to the kingfisher a period during autumn when the seas should be calm and brooding undisturbed. Shakespeare knew the legend. In *Henry VI, Part 1*, Joan of Arc says to the Dauphin: "Expect St. Martin's summer, halcyon days." Still today, we speak of halcyon days; those exceptional days when everything is calm and peaceful and happy.

There are, or were, two other widespread beliefs about the kingfisher. One you will find mentioned in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*:

But now, how stands the wind
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?

And also in Shakespeare's *King Lear*:

Renege, affirm, deny, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters.

The belief was that a dead kingfisher, hung up, would always face the direction from which the wind was blowing. The origin of the belief has been lost. It is tempting to think that it was based on observation of the living bird, which will always perch facing the wind if it possibly can: but then that is true of all birds.

A much stranger belief, and one that was common in country districts until comparatively recently, was that the skin of a kingfisher would never decay and possessed strong preserving powers. At one time people used to put a kingfisher's skin into the linen chest to preserve the cloth. I think that the origin of this is pretty evident: the kingfisher is the same summer and winter. There is no change, no fading, in that brilliant plumage with the moult. It would not be difficult to persuade oneself that the bird must possess some inherent quality which preserves those brilliant colours, which prevents fading.

A kingfisher leaves its nest in a hole in the river-bank *Photograph by Eric Hosking*

Both these beliefs suggest that the kingfisher was once much more common in Britain than it is today. Where would you go for a kingfisher skin, if you wanted one now for your linen chest? After all, how often do you see a kingfisher? This is the most striking of all British birds—in the words of Robert Lynd: "Can you imagine a blue that is more beautiful than any green, and a green that is more beautiful than any blue, and both of them blended as though into a magical light?"—yet how often do you see one? There is a stream running through this garden, and there are fish in the stream, yet I have never seen a kingfisher on the stream. There is a river close by, and fish in the river, yet I have seen a kingfisher on the river only half a dozen times or so in all the years I have lived in this neighbourhood. And then, only going away from me, a fleeting flash of blue lightning. Never, in all my life, have I seen a kingfisher flying towards me: whenever I have seen one it has been flying away, the blue brilliantly vivid for a second or two.

Actually, I suppose that I must at some time have seen a kingfisher flying towards me and not known it. With this bird so much depends upon the light. The bird is all blue-green above, all rich chestnut below: just those two colours. The authorities say that, according to the light and the angle from which it is seen, it can appear a brilliantly blue bird, a brilliantly green bird, a red bird. The red would be when it was flying towards you and the light bright. But, flying towards you and in a poor light, that rich chestnut would be no more than a dull brown, very well camouflaged against the dingy vegetation of a riverside. I think that, despite the brilliance of that plumage, as depicted in colour-photographs and by artists, the kingfisher is really a very well camouflaged bird and that it is actually much more common than the rare sight of it would lead one to suppose.

I have never seen a kingfisher on our stream. But I now know that there are kingfishers in the neighbourhood and that they must fly over the garden regularly without my being aware of their presence. We have just installed a new fish pond. As yet, there are no fish in it. But the day after we first filled it with water—it is only a matter of ten yards from the hut in which I work so that I can look at it without moving from my chair—there was a kingfisher, perched upon a drooping bough directly above it. He stayed only a few seconds. This was the first time that I had ever seen a kingfisher perched.

The authorities are right: with the sun on his breast he was a red bird; when he flew away; brilliantly, brilliantly blue. He was back again the next day and on the same bough. I have not seen him since but I feel sure that he is keeping an eye on the pond. And he has set me a problem. Do I put in fish to have them killed? Do I put in fish for the pleasure of seeing him dive one day? I think that it may be an expensive business encouraging a kingfisher. But. . . .

lected to represent Britain in the Prince of Wales Cup in Bermuda—Stewart Morris in *Gossip* leading *Scandalus*, d **below:** Jon Allen in *Polyester*. All three boats are International 14-ft. sailing dinghies *Photographs by Eileen Ramsay*

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

I am certain that Stewart Morris's record of winning the Prince of Wales Cup 11 times during a span of 30 years is a unique achievement. The trophy was first competed for by the cream of the International 14-ft. dinghy class in 1926, and in 1932 Morris scored his first win. Since then he has won this principal trophy, the aristocrat of all our dinghy classes, ten more times, including the last three years in succession. Thus he is still the great master of dinghy sailing, and was the natural and obvious choice to lead the British team in the International racing fortnight which starts in Bermuda next Tuesday.

The boats have already been shipped over and the teams are flying this weekend. Stewart Morris's crew is Norman Ellam and his boat *Gossip*, the same combination that won the P.o.W. Cup on the last two occasions. With him will be Michael Peacock and Jon Allen in *Polyester*, Barrie Perry and Anthony Gouldsmith in *Scandalus* and John Prentice and Keith Shackleton in *Ariadne*. They were chosen during a series of trials last year and their record suggests a very strong team indeed. Perry was runner-up, Peacock fourth and Prentice fifth in the last P.o.W. Cup Race.

Stewart Morris

Gossip and *Ariadne* are both Ian Proctor Mark V designs, *Scandalus* is a Mark VI by the same designer and *Polyester* was created by Austin Farrar, who had also designed one of Stewart Morris's most successful previous boats *Bolero*. *Scandalus* seems to be the weak link, because she is the same model as bought by Morris early in 1961, only to be discarded and changed for a Mark V, shortly before the great race, for the reason that he was not satisfied with her windward performance. However, it is possible that by further tuning, the snags have been ironed out by now.

The British team is handicapped to some extent by what its members consider insufficient training. Careful plans had been laid last autumn for regular practices on tideless inland reservoirs during the winter months. It had been hoped that in this way not only the helmsmen and crews would maintain and improve their form and fitness, but also that the boats would get tuned to the highest state of efficiency. Our hard winter has thwarted the scheme and, apart from a few races on the Thames and one or two successful days at Itchenor, no practice has taken place.

The first week of the Bermuda meeting is devoted to team racing between Britain, Canada, U.S. and Bermuda, four boats to a team. Each side has to race against each other three times. Such meetings have been held at varying intervals between these four and New Zealand, who cannot take part this time, since 1932. Canada won at Cowes in 1958, and again when the races were sailed in their own waters in 1961, when Canada won 7 matches, Britain 6, the U.S. 3 and Bermuda 1. The last time Britain won was in 1954.

Our team faces formidable opposition. Not only will the Americans and Bermudans have had much more practice, but every one of the other teams includes one or more helmsmen of Olympic calibre. In the face of this stiff competition our team will have had about two days' sailing practice in Bermuda. In the second week the same boats and crews will race individually for the Princess Elizabeth Cup.

TRAVEL

EUROPEAN PEAK HOLIDAYS

By "THE SPHERE" TRAVEL CORRESPONDENT

No one who has watched dawn rise over the mountains, or the effects of sunset from some giant summit, will need persuading as to the special qualities of a mountain holiday. Nor do you have to be escapist-minded, for St. Moritz and Cortina, Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Kitzbühel, all the great centres of Alpine tourism, have brought the sophistications of city life into the silent, rocky heart of Europe.

My own preference is for the smaller places, either conveniently placed near a large resort, or near nothing more than the superb grandeur of their immediate surroundings. Sils, for example, perfectly poised between the two largest lakes of the Upper Engadine in eastern Switzerland, is a mere six miles from St. Moritz. Zuoz is another Engadine village of considerable character, 13 miles by road or rail from St. Moritz. It is ideal for a restful holiday, and so is Scuol in the Lower Engadine. In tiny neighbouring Liechtenstein, tucked into the eastern borders of Switzerland, the little resort of Gaflei, high above Vaduz, makes a quiet alternative to the Principality's lively capital.

There are glorious spots, too, in the Swiss canton of Valais along the offshoots from the Rhône Valley, including resorts such as Saas Fee, Montana, Verbier and the unfortunate Zermatt (perhaps one might add here that Zermatt is many hours away from any of the others). Though Sion on the Rhône Valley floor is hardly a mountain resort, it is an excellent centre for exploring innumerable valleys on every side, and a lovely little town in itself which is surprisingly little known. One of its ruined castles provides the background for excellent summer Sound and Light performances. One of the nearby valleys is the Val d'Hérens with the pretty village of Evolène as a favourite excursion point. A genuinely escapist spot is Chandolin, a tiny village of utter peacefulness against the most magnificent mountain backdrop imaginable; it is reached by small postal bus from Sierre. Les Marecottes, between Martigny and Chamonix, is another favourite spot of mine, and so is Champéry, high above the Rhône Valley beneath the seven shoulders of the Dents du Midi.

All these resorts of the Valais are accessible by rail and/or bus from Rhône Valley towns on the main railway that comes from France, via Lausanne to Brigue and northern Italy. And anyone who still feels that there isn't much difference between one mountain and another would then do well to follow this main railway through to Milan, arriving some hours later in the Italian Dolomites. For many people the craggy heights of their pinkish grey rock have even greater splendour than the perpetual snows of the Alps; certainly the dramatic serrated outlines have a majestic distinction entirely unlike any other, and when these outlines are doubled back in the crystal clarity of lakes such as Misurina, the effect is incredibly beautiful. Ortisei is a resort in one of the loveliest of the Dolomite valleys, reached by bus or rail from Bolzano, or by motor coach services from Milan, taking a day. Bolzano itself is a most pleasant town with excellent facilities for excursions as well as everything one could possibly want in the way of sport and entertainment.

An Alpine peak and a religious procession at Ortisei in the Italian Dolomites

The Bolkesjo Hotel two and a half hours from Oslo

In France, the ancient town of Annecy by its lake in the Savoy Alps has tremendous charm, in spite of its popularity with day trippers. One could avoid these, perhaps, by staying at the little lakeside resort of Menthon-St. Bernard, six miles away, or Talloires (eight miles), a good gastronomic centre. La Clusaz is only 20 miles from Annecy in the mountains; farther south Courchevel, highly popular with the French in winter, is a gloriously sunny spot combining three resorts one above the other. They are reached by bus (8-13 miles) from the station of Moûtiers-Salins. Again for the true escapist, there is the Lac de Tignes, not far from popular Val d'Isère (20 miles by coach from the station of Bourg-St. Maurice).

Germany's most famous mountain resorts are, of course, in Bavaria and the Black Forest, but there are wonderful places in the central Harz Mountains to which the old town of Goslar is the enchanting gateway. In the heart of the mountains, two recommended resorts are fashionable Braunlage and simpler St. Andreasberg, both served by bus from Goslar. Just above the spa town of Bad Harzburg at the foot of the Harz Mountains, the Harzhotel Molkenhaus is beautifully placed in a forest clearing frequented by the forest deer. Suggestions among the hundreds of possibilities in the Black Forest are Herrenalb (by tram from Karlsruhe) with the excellent, old Mönchs Posthotel; Triberg (rail from Karlsruhe); and Hinterzarten (quieter than nearby Titisee) a short rail journey from Freiburg.

The least known part of the Black Forest is the Hotzenwald in the far south, which has many rewards for those satisfied with unpretentious accommodation. In Bavaria the choice is even more bewildering, headed of course by Garmisch - Partenkirchen. Mittenwald, close to the Austrian border, is a delightful place known for its violin makers, while Schliersee, with its lake and the delightful mountain resort of Bayrischzell within easy reach, is perhaps the loveliest of all.

A ...tacular backdrop for Mittenwald, the Karwendel-Spitze Mountains in the Bavarian Alps. **Below:** The mountain resort of Chandolin, far above the Rhône Valley

...ayrischzell, too, lies close to the border of ...yrolean Austria, and one of the most spl...ndid valleys of the western Tyrol is the Ot...al, with Sölden as a small recommended ce...re. Serfaus is another delectable place re...ed by a side road from the main highway wh...h runs from Landeck southwards through the upper Inn valley into Italy and the Dolomites. Sixty miles from Salzburg, Badgastein is a world-famous health resort, but Bad Hofgastein, a few miles from it, is far quieter—and also less closed in. Saalbach, not far from Zell-am-See (itself delightful, but very crowded with excursionists in the season), is another small resort with much to commend it.

There is only space to make brief mention of Scandinavia. Two and a half hours by rail and bus from Oslo lies the hotel of Bolkesjo amid steep slopes thickly forested and with plunging views on to nearby lakes. This traditional style but modernised hotel combines the best of both worlds as well as friendly service, good food and its own entertainment. Finally, high up on Europe's rooftop is the tourist hotel of Pallastunturi, splendidly alone on the fell slopes of Finnish Lapland (ten hours by air and bus from Helsinki). The facilities and position of this hotel, with its sweeping views far across into neighbouring Sweden, make it exceptionally appealing.

Further information on any of these resorts can be obtained from the appropriate National Tourist Office in London.

BOOKS

"HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

A portrait of Lady Churchill; an amusing bag of personal recollections; and this week's fiction

Mr. Jack Fishman who, as a newspaper reporter, first started to observe the Churchill legend at first hand in 1940, has written a warm-hearted biography of the woman who belongs to that legend as surely as any deeds of statesmanship and one can only deplore the catch-penny title of this story of Lady Churchill—MY DARLING CLEMENTINE (W. H. Allen. 30s.). In her introduction to the book, the late Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt wrote: "I am delighted that such a tribute to this great woman has been written at last," and there will be many people to echo her words here, in the United States and possibly in Russia, for whose war-time cause Lady Churchill worked so hard. The author has made use of a conversational, even chatty tone for his account of a life so crowded with incident, drama and social occasions and perhaps his chief achievement has been to emphasise the sense of partnership between these two exceptional human beings, a partnership which has lasted happily for more than half a century.

Mrs. Robert Henrey is a feminine chronicler in a thousand. She can write about trivialities and give them charm; be frankly sentimental without approaching the saccharine, or treat of family affairs with as much warmth as tact. Her new book is concerned with the last days of her much loved mother who lived in Normandy, and with a series of reminiscences of their lives together, often necessarily interrupted but constant in its affections. HER APRIL DAYS (Dent. 21s.) is, as one has come to expect and indeed enjoy, extremely discursive for it is one of Mrs. Henrey's especial qualities that she can let her pen roam at will and can explore all kinds of fascinating byways before coming back to the subject.

Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., part author of the inimitable *Cheaper by the Dozen* and a highly amusing writer on his own, has now produced a delightful book about his own family and especially about his four-year-old son, his adventures with him during a Nantucket holiday and the child's more or less reluctant acceptance of a new addition to the family. Lots of charm and lots of fun, too. How well Mr. Gilbreth writes about children and how right he is not to allow the note of grown-up omniscience to creep in.

Just 100 years ago occurred the first Cook's tour of the Alps, led by Mr. Thos. Cook himself and including "cheap tickets to Mont Blanc." An account of this intrepid expedition was found after the war in a tin box lying in the rubble of a bombed warehouse, and this, to my joy and, I hope, yours, has now been published as MISS JEMIMA'S SWISS JOURNAL (Putnam. 15s.). Illustrated by old photographs and by Miss Jemima's own drawings (she was artist to the expedition) this is a real find and I commend to you not only Miss J's ladylike prose ("From the Louvre we sought variety in going to the Bois de Boulogne, from which we returned promptly!" What *can* have happened?), but also the superb contemporary photograph of ladies and gentlemen mincing across the Chamonix Glacier, in square bowlers and bustles respectively.

UNDER A COLORED CAP (Macmillan. 21s.), is a collection of essays and papers by Mr. Sean O'Casey who is said to prefer the American spelling of the adjective and to enjoy the many odd little examples of headgear which have been sent to him by admirers in many countries and which he sports as a symbol of the free, gay life and outlook which he has long defended and defends again in this slightly heterogeneous assembly of pieces. Mr. O'Casey takes a crack at the critics, writes about an Irish childhood and mourns the weariness of the intelligentsia, all in his very own O'Caseyean way.

ALWAYS GO FIRST CLASS (Longmans. 16s.) may not be the literary event of the week but it opens the list of novels this week simply because of its hilarious irreverence and its spontaneity. Mr. Laurence Marks has written about the life of a steward in an ocean-going liner and if one quarter of what he tells us is valid then we must all make an agonising reappraisal of what we feel about shipboard service. This is fairly tough stuff incidentally, and not for those readily shockable.

With THE MONTH OF THE FALLING LEAVES (Constable. 16s.), Mr. Bruce Marshall is again having some fun—and providing even more—with a fantastic but not incredible story of the exploits of a man who has written an abstruse book, seen it coolly received in England and taken a leave from his redbrick university to enjoy the proceeds of success in Poland—the only country in which the book has sold in measurable numbers. A modest man, Professor Hilliard, is startled to find that he is mistaken for a spy even before he leaves London Airport, and that his Warsaw

Joan Miller gives the first performance of her one-woman show *A Woman Alone* to members of the Bristol Old Vic Club on Sunday, April 28. On May 12 she will be seen on BBC Television in *The Shadow of Mart* by the Swedish writer Stig Dagerman. **Right:** Joan Fleming has won the Crime Writers' Association's award for the best crime novel of 1962 for her book *When I Grow Rich*, published by Collins in their Crime Club series

POLITICAL ETHICS

The decisions and consequences of the last war

Ranking certainly among the most momentous military and moral decisions in history were the conclusions to make and to use atomic weapons. The ebb and flow of scientific, military and political thinking that belonged to those hectic years between 1939 and 1945 forms the sombre centre-piece of the memoirs of Admiral Strauss, the first chairman of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, who has spent a lifetime at the centre of affairs and served no fewer than four American Presidents. MEN AND DECISIONS (Macmillan. 35s.) is a vivid and engrossing chronicle. It has been written with judgment and it needs to be read with judgment; it is so easy to arraign the men who finally decided to bomb Hiroshima and Nagasaki; for we now know that Japan, if face could be saved, was then craving for the chance to surrender, that the belated entry of Russia into the war was a far greater factor in Japanese minds than the dropping of those first atomic bombs. The destruction of the twin cities is indeed recorded as only having had a localised effect in those first days of death and destruction. There are many lessons to be learnt from these memoirs, not least about the processes of decision making. May the great issues of the world never be left to the computer is Admiral Strauss's final word; and to that most thinking folk will wish to add Amen.

One European nation whose capacity for post-war recovery and whose capacity for unity have been demonstrated in the face of fearsome odds is Italy. Moral, political and economic shocks all somehow or other seem to have been surmounted, and this in a state that is still comparatively young, lacking the traditions of a unity going back through the centuries. These points come out with telling force in Federico Chabod's A HISTORY OF ITALIAN FASCISM (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.), in which this late member of the Faculty of Rome University examines that unhappy manifestation of the '20's and '30's which sprang from the economic problems of World War I, but somehow never really seemed to belong to the character of the Italian people. It is made clear that many Italians began by approving of Fascism for what they hoped it might become. In the Professor's opinion they became disillusioned about it very much more quickly than the rest of the world was inclined to realise.

The travail of two of Europe's greatest capitals forms the subject of new surveys. Willis Thornton's THE LIBERATION OF PARIS (Rupert Hart Davis. 25s.) moves in a steady crescendo through the four-year ordeal of defeat, occupation and growing resistance to the final seven days of 1944 when the people rose in the streets to overthrow their Nazi conquerors at the same moment as the Allies were pushing eastward into the city. In one magnificent week, the author says, Paris achieved the respect of the world and won back possession of her own soul. In CITY ON LEAVE (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) Philip Windsor deals with the much longer ordeal of Berlin between 1945 and 1962. Rarely in history has any one city been for so long the pawn in international politics. The author urges that the time for solution making is overdue. Berlin has too long been a city on leave of absence.

Nowadays the trouble with having a butler or footman is that he will probably set to and write his memoirs. The memoirs of Ernest King, sometime servant of the King and Queen of Greece, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh (in their early married days), and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor follow the established pattern. THE GREEN BAIZE DOOR (William Kimber. 18s.) is a carefully considered admixture of genuflection and reflection. Anecdotes abound; in fact the book is one long series of them, and some of the best of them concern the Chicago meat packer's daughter, Mabelle Swift, who was wont each year to take Blair Castle from the Duke of Atholl for the season and entertain the English élite *en grande*. What she did not know was the gross extravagance of that makeshift household, and that her footmen on occasion would send the crockery and glassware plunging down the battlements, just to save the washing up.

Robert Churchill's GAME SHOOTING has been since 1955 a standard textbook on the use of the modern shotgun. Macdonald Hastings, who collaborated with the author in writing the original edition, has now brought this valuable work up to date. The publishers are Michael Joseph and the price is 50s. The assiduous reader, we are told, is assured of getting the price back by the subsequent saving in cartridges.

Richard Edmonds

visit is complicated and made alarming by the same misconception. Often very funny, but not too much outside the possibilities, either.

Miss Charity Blackstock's MR. CHRISTOPOULOS (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), follows its writer's own practice of combining a sound plot and a contemporary situation, in this case an Englishman's visit to post-troubles Cyprus, with some excellent and imaginative character drawing. The hero, Tom Raven, is a Fleet Street reporter whose last stay in the island meant capture, beatings and threats of painful death by the EOKA. Now that he sees the place again, he finds a pressure from without to change his opinion of it and his reaction to this is the kernel of Miss Blackstock's sensitively written and knowledgeable book.

FORESTS OF THE NIGHT (Collins. 18s.) moves the scene from the Mediterranean to Burma where a young and temporarily discredited surgeon goes to visit his dying father, leaving London and a catastrophic prosecution behind him. Mr. Jon Cleary writes with authority about this lovely, dangerous country of the east and gives us a hero who takes tigers, missionaries and political unrest in his stride. ry readable, in an alarming sort of way.

And so to a couple of first novels by women ters, one English and one American. Miss rgaret Drabble's story deals with two young ers, one of whom is beautiful and enigmatic; younger a prey to self-questioning, volatile delightful. She is also the high-spirited ator of what evolves as a contemporary ionary tale. A SUMMER BIRD-CAGE idenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) isn't weighty ny sense of the word but it *is* alive with nise. SHORT PLEASURES (Secker and burg. 18s.) by Mrs. Anne Bernays, again a young girl as the teller of her own story: immature and often touching saga of a g American who drifts through her sucing phases of boarding school, college and gement to a worthy dull young man, only lling at the last minute and winning a t to life on her own terms. " I was doomed life of passive decoration," says the girl ne point. Mrs. Bernays' novel happily es a girl may escape this fearful fate.

TOURMALINE (Macdonald. 16s.), is a l on its own: the work of an Australian and author who has written here about a n " of corrugated iron, and in the heat the ugations shimmer and twine, strangely aterial." Australia, in a word, and magic well conveyed in all its heat, independence occasional ferocity by Mr. Randolph Stow. cover design by Mr. Sidney Nolan could be a collector's piece.

There are no outstanding thrillers this week but three adventure stories, of which the most exciting is unquestionably Mr. Ian Fleming's ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (Jonathan Cape. 16s.). This tale of James Bond's latest activities is unlike all its predecessors that I have read in that it contains no scenes of physical torture and, for this alone, I would recommend it since Mr. Fleming is perfectly capable—as you will see—of writing an immensely gripping tale without the slightest reference to tarantulas, defenestration, burning drains or other ordeals by sadism. In fact, he has never written anything better than this and I haven't the slightest doubt that it will be a winner.

THE INVISIBLE EVIL (Macdonald. 16s.) deals with an up-to-date version of the Guy Fawkes plot, this time engineered by Irish terrorists, and is as well constructed and as authentic in its atmosphere as anything that Mr. Robert Gaines has given us. And that, as readers of *The Cruel Deadline* will remember, is saying something. Mr. Hugh Popham's THE SHORES OF VIOLENCE (Cassell. 16s.) is a sea-cum-film-making story; contemporary in the most unnerving manner and written by a man who inherits his love and respect for the sea from generations of sailors.

Vernon Fane

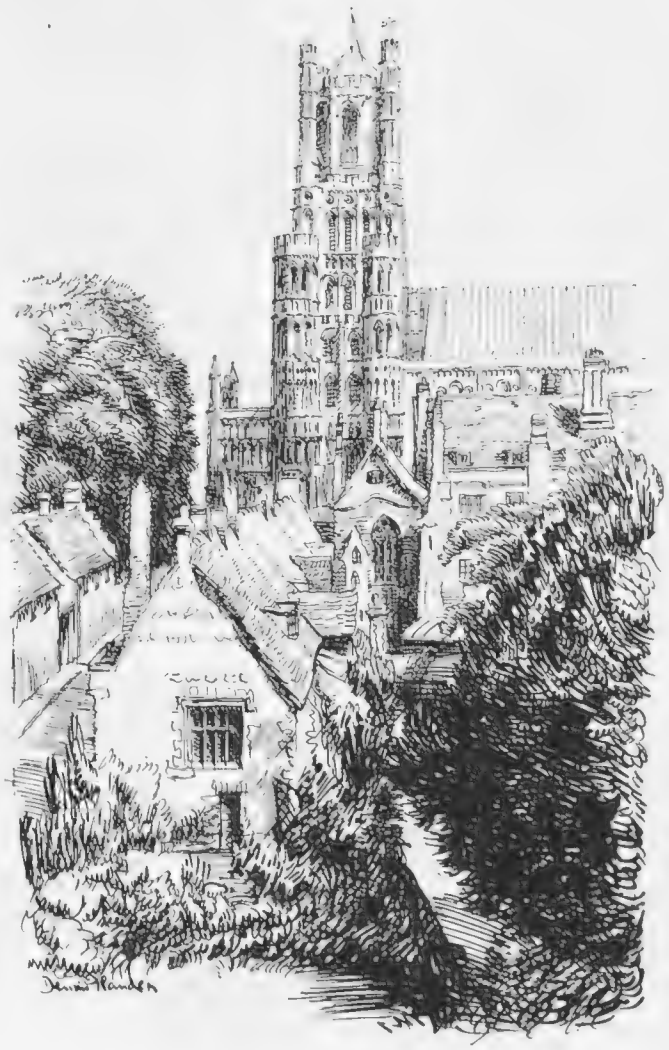
The old port of Maldon on the Essex coast. Nearby is the modern bulk of Bradwell Nuclear Power Station

The windmill beloved of artists at Cley in Norfolk

EAST ANGLIA REVISITED

Dennis Flanders' illustrations to Michael Brander's "Soho for East Anglia"

Best known for the Broads and its rim of ports, seaside resorts and fishing villages, East Anglia possesses an interior of great and original charm, still little visited. Michael Brander's chatty account of a meandering journey from Cambridge, via Colchester, Ipswich, Yarmouth, Norwich and King's Lynn, contains much out-of-the-way information and many anecdotes, mainly sporting. Its genesis was an attempt to bridge the gap between today and the account of East Anglia at the end of the eighteenth century contained in the letters of the French traveller de la Rochefoucauld. Mr. Brander also quotes from other diaries and reminiscences. Typical, both of his light-hearted book and East Anglian wit, is the possibly apocryphal epitaph from an Essex church—" Edna May Roast." SOHO FOR EAST ANGLIA is published by Bles at 22s. 6d.



Little Walsingham, scene of Roman Catholic pilgrimages. **Left:** Ely Cathedral from the Porta. **Below:** The Tudor Oxburgh Hall with its Gate House Tower

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Raymond Mais

Colonel A. R. Mais, O.B.E., E.R.D., T.D., became Chairman and Managing Director of the building and civil engineering group, Trollope and Colls, Ltd., at the beginning of this year, having joined the Board in 1948. He holds a number of other chairmanships and directorships, including being Joint Managing Director of Nuclear Civil Constructors. Alan Raymond Mais was born in 1911 and was educated in Hampshire and at the College of Estate Management at London University. He trained as an articled pupil with a firm of structural engineers, architects and surveyors, then joined in 1931 Richard Costain, Ltd., as an assistant engineer. Subsequently he worked for other companies in civil engineering, before entering private practice. Colonel Mais had a distinguished career in the Second World War, serving in France with the B.E.F. (mentioned in dispatches); with Special Forces, Egypt, Iraq and Persia (again mentioned in dispatches and decorated by the U.S.S.R. with the Order of Patriotic War 1st Class); and in Normandy and N.W. Europe with First Canadian Army and Combined Operations (being awarded the O.B.E. and mentioned in dispatches). In the aftermath of the war, he served for six months as the Engineering Representative of the Quadrupartite Committee in Berlin. A man of vast experience in engineering projects, Colonel Mais, since joining Trollope and Colls, has been the Director responsible for major building and civil engineering works, including the atomic plant at Windscale, reconstruction of Guildhall in the City of London, and Trawsfynnyd Nuclear Power Station. He has served on most of the public bodies of his industry and is a member of the Government Committee on Placing and Management of Contracts; a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of London, a Liveryman of the Pavior's Company and Freeman of the City of London; and a member of the Grand Council of the Federation of British Industries. Married, with two sons and a daughter, Colonel Mais lives in Surrey. His hobbies are sailing, golf and his family

ROAD/RAIL COMPETITION

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

When your most important competitor says that he is planning to give up trying in a third of the market where you both operate, the news is likely to be at first fairly cheering. When he adds, as an aside, that there is a pretty large slice of the business that you now handle which would probably be more economic for him to have, and that he is going to concentrate on laying hold of it, your smile may grow a little glassy. If you happen to be in a business which the party that on present chances must be rated most likely to succeed at the next election continues to threaten that it will nationalise, you are perhaps not all that likely to be cheerful anyway.

That is roughly the situation of the road haulage business after Beeching. The doctor's surgery of stations, services and lines may not have quite as dramatic an effect upon railway freight services as it will on passenger services. But freight, as many railwaymen before this latest-comer have emphasised, is the main business of the railways. And the Railways Board's proposals on freight, both for concentration and for expansion, are commercially what this plan will stand or fall on. So the railways' principal competitor for freight must expect both wings and roundabouts from this painful process.

There has been no doubt for years which form of transport is mpeting most successfully in existing circumstances. Between 1958 d 1962 freight movement by road, measured in "thousand million n-miles," rose by 26 per cent.; on the railways it fell by 12 per cent. en in 1958 road carried 60 per cent. of the total freight; in 1962 share had gone up to 70 per cent. Admittedly, not all of this ight market is really competitive: the work done by road and l transport overlaps very considerably, but each has kinds of llage where it is hardly challenged. The degree to which very short- tance haulage is in the hands of road vehicle operators is shown the fact that the average length of haul for road transport is 25 miles. the railways the average is about 70 miles, and for general rchandise carried by rail the average distance is about 135 miles. ng-distance road transport—i.e. making journeys of over 100 miles— stimated to carry about two-thirds as much freight as the railways, erally operating over long distances, do.

This might sound like a solidly comfortable base for road haulage repel any counter-attacks by Dr. Beeching on some parts of their siness, even while he is retreating on others. To some degree, it is. t road hauliers will tell you not to confuse the growth of total road nsport with the growth of their part of it—the carriage of goods on roads for hire. For only about 40 per cent. of the goods moving the road are carried by the road hauliers as such. The biggest com- itor to the road hauliers, as to the railways, is not in the transport iness at all. It comes from businesses (and people) running their n vehicles.

The "C" licence fleet—this is the kind of licence that a business has have to run its own vans and lorries—has been the most rapidly anding element in the whole of British goods transport since the , and has now become the largest single element in inland transport Britain. A very large proportion of this fleet of business's own icles, admittedly, is used mainly on short-distance deliveries. The tributive trades own 43 per cent. of all the "C" licence vehicles, and building and construction own about 16 per cent. more; both are businesses which could hardly consign much by rail. Nevertheless, ad hauliers point out that industrialists have of late been increasing their fleets much more with heavy vehicles, of over 3 tons, than they have of the lighter vans. And these vehicles owned by industry probably account for about a quarter of all the long-distance haulage by road. So this "do it yourself" competition is fairly pervasive; few elements of road transport are really free from it (as some elements of rail freight, for example, coal and iron and steel products, are largely free).

When Dr. Beeching began casting his eyes over the freight hauled by other people that he thought could possibly go by rail, he had a survey done of all the freight moved on behalf of major traders during 1960, covering about 305,000,000 tons of minerals and merchandise. Railways were actually handling only about 27 per cent. of this traffic. Out of the remaining 223,000,000 tons, the railway experts reckoned that there were 93,000,000 tons that might be considered "potentially favourable to rail." About 82,000,000 tons went by road; 42,000,000 tons was hauled for hire, and about 38,000,000 tons in business's own "C" licence vehicles. About 30,000,000 tons of coal, too, goes by road, though mainly over short distances: the railwaymen believe they would have a chance to compete for about half of this.

Deciding what traffic might potentially be favourable to rail is a long way from actually managing to secure it under competitors' noses. Dr. Beeching's best hope is that the railways might secure half of this potential traffic over a five-year period. The prospect of having to compete harder to hold their business is not worrying the road hauliers too much. Mr. D. O. Good of the Road Haulage Association commented on the Beeching proposals that they do not fear the spirit of competition expressed on the report—provided that the competition is really fair, without hidden subsidies, and provided that hauliers themselves are allowed to have a reasonable chance to develop their own businesses.

It is that last point that worries some people in this business. There is obviously a considerable chance that Mr. Harold Wilson will be Britain's next Prime Minister. Mr. Wilson, and the party he leads, are publicly committed to the re-nationalisation of the road haulage industry, which was nationalised by the post-war Labour Government, but then largely sold back to private ownership when the Conservatives' long run of office began. Labour has discarded many other threats of nationalisation, but it has never let up on this one. It is fair to add, perhaps, that it has not of late been very specific about just how it would like to re-nationalise road haulage. But broadly, the industry fears that it would enable the still-nationalised British Road Services to buy up most of its significant competitors, if not all the dozens of little road haulage firms owning a few lorries. Nor would Labour necessarily leave the "C" licence fleet alone. It has no plans to take over any of business's own lorries; but it seems likely that it might use the present licensing system more restrictively to check the growth of this kind of competition.

That, at least, was the mixture until recently. But now some transport experts in the Labour Party are toying with ideas that might even avoid the necessity for re-nationalising road haulage at all, or trying to favour British Road Services in any way. These ideas are linked with those (discussed in THE SPHERE of March 30) of charging motorists for their use of congested roads. The idea for road transport would be to charge lorries—whoever owned them—a licence fee based on their size and their mileage of use; i.e. related to the amount of inconvenience that they are liable to cause to other users of the road. It would be associated with similar forms of taxation for all other motor vehicles, so it would not discriminate against the hauliers; and advocates of this plan would propose that railway charges too should be related to this "social cost" concept.

This might mean a wholly new set of economic regulations that road and other transport would have to fit in with. Whether it would impose much greater costs upon vehicle operators is impossible to say; some advocates of the idea think that it could be possible to do away with petrol and diesel fuel taxation and substitute this new system, so the average burden might not rise much. The sweetener that this kind of Labour thinking might offer the road haulage industry would be freedom from fear of re-nationalisation at all. But also, possibly, a freedom they might not enjoy quite as much—abolition of the whole licensing system for road transport.

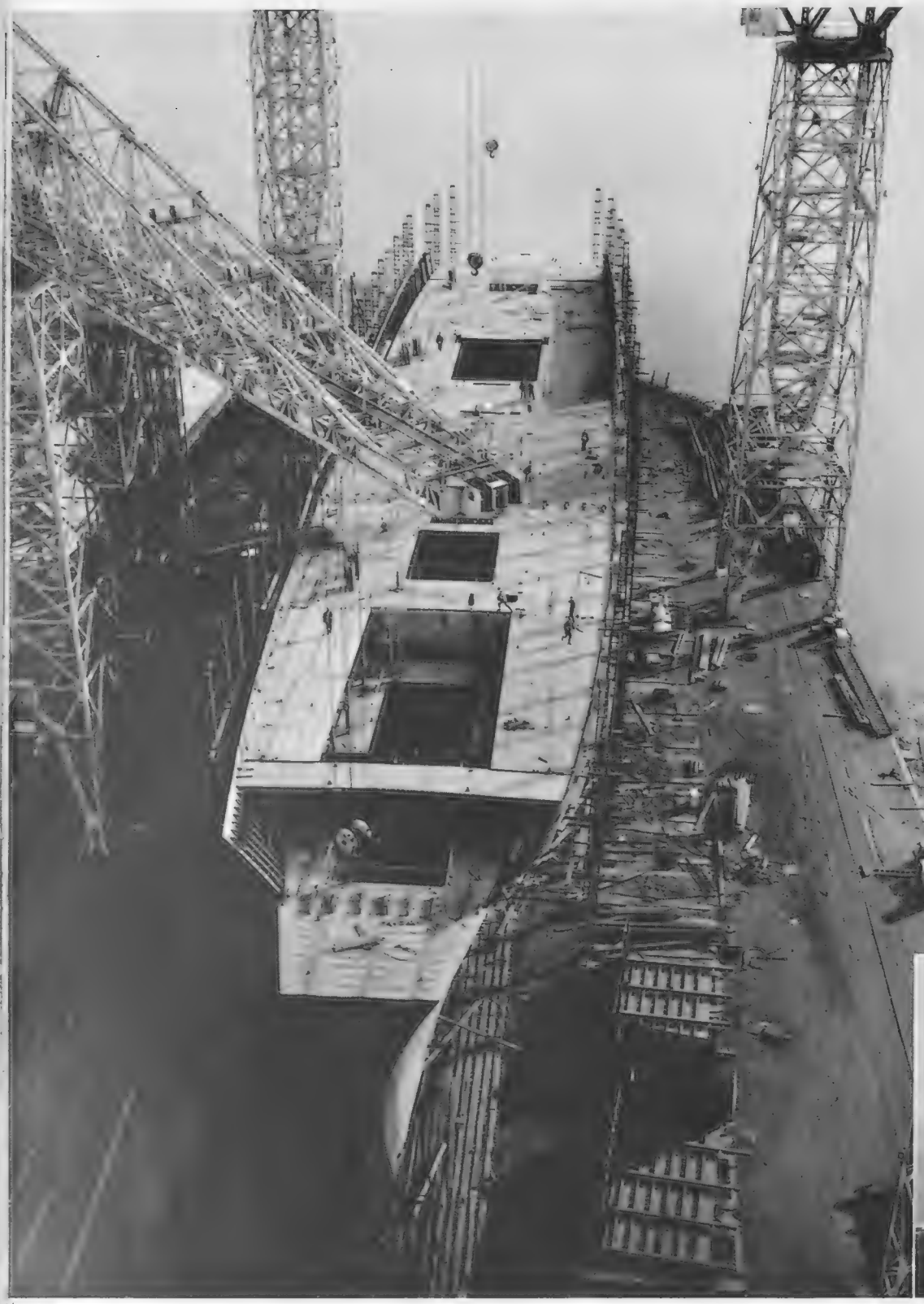
The newly completed Millbank Tower at 387 feet is the highest office building in London. Express lifts can reach the 30th floor in 27 seconds. The tower is part of a 3½-acre development on a riverside site owned by the Crown between the Tate Gallery and Thames House. It was built for Vickers Ltd. by John Mowlem & Co. Ltd.

SHIPS AND THEIR BUILDERS

Two Blue Funnel Line ships, operated by Alfred Holt, have been serving for some time on the West Australia to Singapore trade run. These are to be replaced in the spring of 1964 by a highly specialised ship, the *Centaur*. The trade this new ship will cater for consists mainly of carrying live sheep from Fremantle to Singapore, cattle from North Australia to Fremantle in the cattle season, and passengers and general cargo on the Fremantle to Singapore route. The *Centaur* is being built by John Brown and Co. Ltd. to have special facilities for this work. She will be a 20-knot ship with first-quality accommodation for 200 passengers, space for 4,500 sheep and 50 dairy cattle, besides holds for refrigerated and general cargo.

The *Centaur* has been offered to the Australian Chambers of Commerce as a Trade Mission ship for two months after her arrival in Australia. If accepted she will sail to ports in South East Asia with displays of Australian export products and services. She is due to be launched from Clydebank on June 20 by Mrs. Brand, wife of the West Australian Premier.

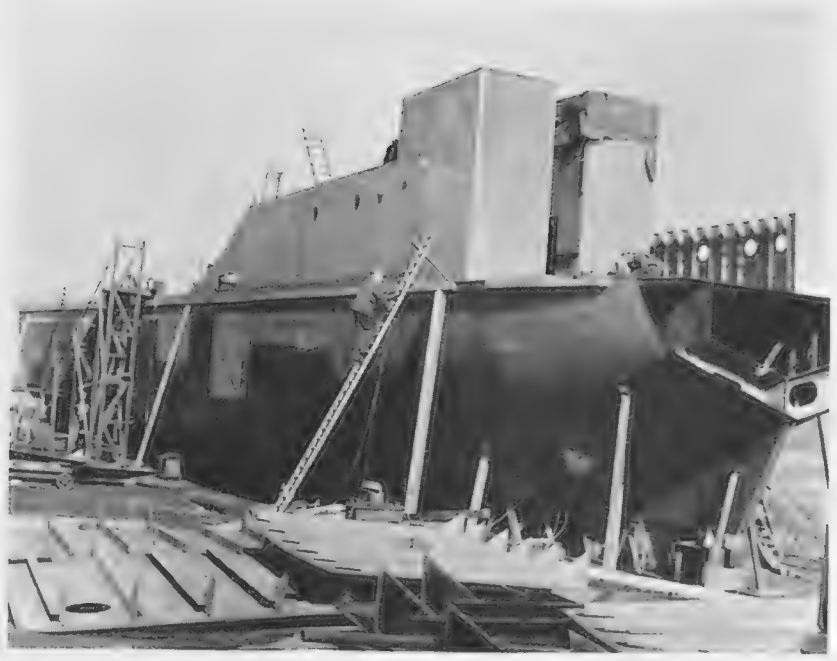
While northern shipyards are desperately short of orders, the East Anglian port of Colchester is thriving as a centre of small shipbuilding. The Rowhedge Iron Works Co. Ltd. (pictures on opposite page), is working on several ships, many for foreign countries. At present 160 men are employed; in a few months this number will be increased to 200, with work guaranteed for a year. The present managing director is Mr. Donald Oxton, son of one of the three engineers who founded the firm in 1904. He secures most of the overseas orders by personal visits to the countries concerned



The T.S.M.V. *Centaur* takes shape on the stocks of John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd. **Right:** An artist's impression of the finished vessel

The S.S. *Carmania* leaves Clydebank after a £1,000,000 conversion by John Brown and Co. Ltd. The liner is now equipped with full air conditioning, showers and baths in most cabins, night clubs, bowling alleys and juke-boxes. On April 8 the *Carmania* begins on a new service between Rotterdam, Southampton, Le Havre, Cork, Montreal and Quebec

One of two double-ended steel ferries constructed for the Public Works Department, Sarawak, at the Singapore Boatyard of John I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd. The main dimensions of the ferries are 122 ft. overall, length 80 ft. (ex-ramps); 28 ft. beam and 4 ft. draught. The hull is of welded construction with machinery amidships, accommodation on port and starboard sides and a gantry steering position amidships



At Rowhedge Iron Works Co. Ltd., Colchester, work progresses on a steel tanker ordered for Pakistan, the 940th ship to be built since the yard was founded

At the drawing office

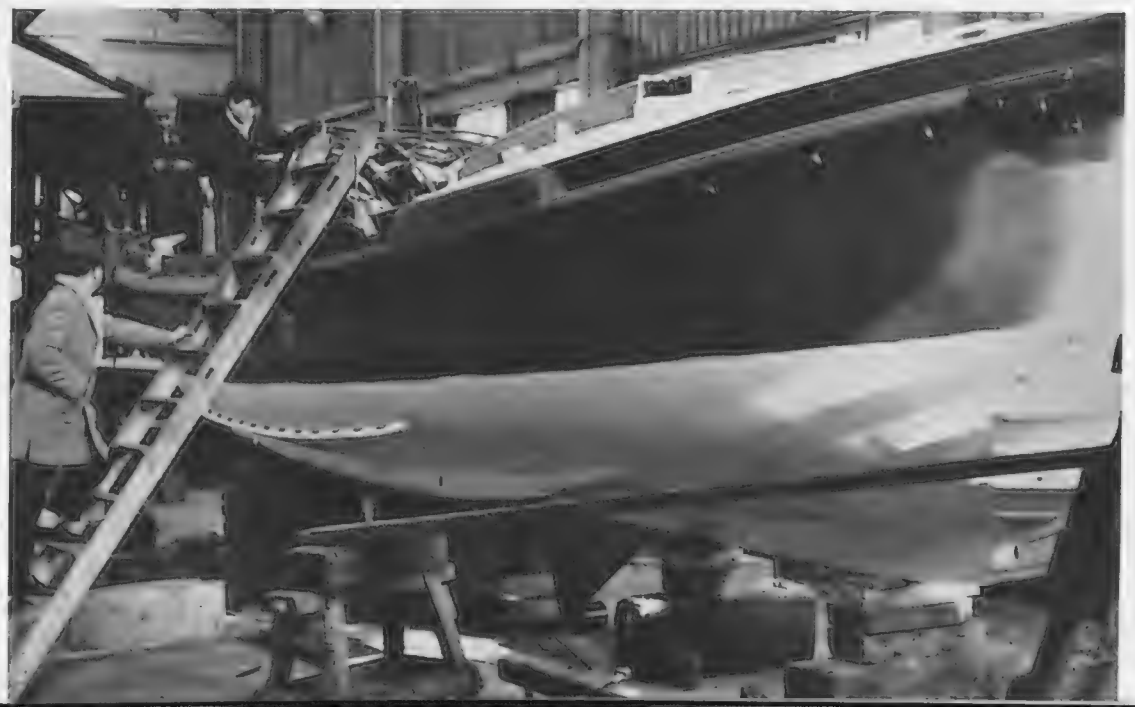
Marking and cutting steel plates

Drilling plates for the foredeck

Working frames in the shape of the required plates

Mr. Donald Oxton, the present managing director of the Rowhedge Iron Works. **Right:** Work on two passenger ferries destined for delivery to Bermuda. **Below:** Repairs in progress on a lifeboat

Two Stella sloops are constructed in the lower yard



INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

CAR DEALERS' SPRING

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

One sector of the economy that is looking a little more cheerful is the motor industry. Production figures of the leading car manufacturers for the early months of this year have shown a great improvement on last year, while details of the number of cars sold on hire purchase suggests that the two-year trough of motor HP business may be coming to an end. The recovery in car business probably stems from Mr. Maudling's sharp cut in purchase tax last November. Although the immediate effect on the car dealers was severe losses on their stocks, a number of people began placing tentative orders for cars to be delivered early this year. Then the upturn in sales was further obscured by the long period of ice and snow which prevented the manufacturers delivering to some dealers and deterred the public from visiting car showrooms. However, with the first touch of spring in the air at last, people seem in more of a buying mood and—as the Chancellor obviously hopes—this mood may be stimulated by the Budget tax reductions.

While the motor manufacturers will benefit from any improvement in home sales, it has to be remembered that all of them have just or have nearly completed considerable extensions to capacity. It will need a very large increase in sales—more than is remotely possible this year—to bring them to capacity working. More attractive in the short-term is the position of the car dealers. Their bread-and-butter business is selling petrol, tyres and accessories and doing repairs.

But the jam on a car dealer's profits comes from sales of new and used cars, and after last year's distinctly sluggish experience even a modest upturn in car sales now could make a marked difference to the earnings of the major car dealers. Biggest by far is Kennings which has a string of British Motor Corporation distributorships in the Midlands. Kennings's successful bid last year for the BMC Austin side of Car Mart, the London dealers, makes the group more than twice as big (in terms of profits) than its nearest competitors. These are Henlys (BMC, Jaguar and Rover in the south) and Godfrey Davis (Ford in north and west London). Kennings's bid for Car Mart highlighted a number of important features in the car-dealing industry. Car Mart formerly had two sides to its business: it was a Ford main dealer in London as well as an Austin distributor. A first take-over bid had been made by Bristol Street Motors, Ford main dealers, of Birmingham, but this was coolly received by the Car Mart board and even more coolly by BMC who were not too happy at the prospect of one of their dealers being bought by a fast-expanding Ford group. Hence the counter-bid by BMC's biggest distributor, Kennings, and the sale of the Ford side to Ford itself, the first time that Ford has actually owned its own distributor, in this country.

BMC were apparently not disturbed at Kennings becoming even bigger, because owning a large chain does not—so far—strengthen a dealer's hand in buying from the motor companies. Though a dealer can have several distributorships (and gets special terms if they are exclusive to one company), maximum discounts are limited to each relatively small geographical area. So far, at any rate, BMC has, as a matter of principle, had no stake in any dealers. Ford (until the Car Mart affair) had also relied on a network of dealers, usually independent and exclusive. A large slice of Vauxhall's sales are channelled through Mr. Clore's Sears group (Shaw and Kilburn plus Carmo), while Rootes are unusual in owning some distributing interests.

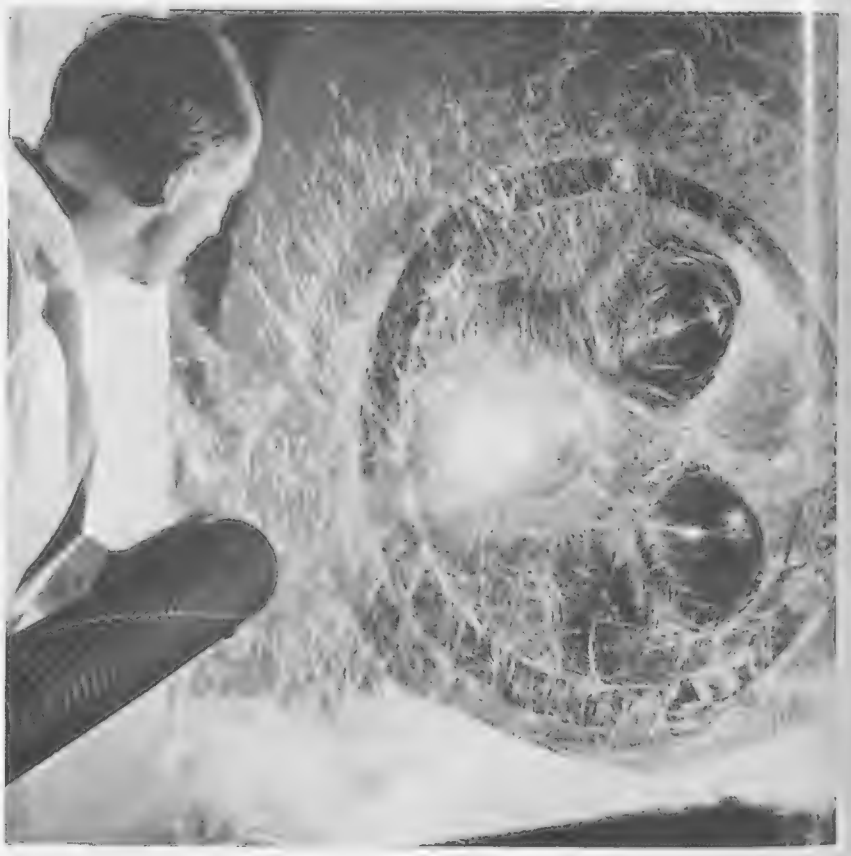
The advantage of a big distributing group is principally in bulk buying of oil, tyres and accessories and in economies of administrative overheads. Another benefit is that a big car dealer can profitably start his own hire purchase organisation. It is not generally known that most of the leading car dealers have their own HP subsidiaries. Car Mart restarted one two years ago; last year Kennings began doing its own HP in a small way. Henlys, Godfrey Davis and Stewart and Ardern all do a portion of financing hire purchase sales. This is a significant trend because clearly the dealers are in a better position than London-based hire purchase houses to judge a buyer's credit-worthiness.

A car-dealing chain with its own HP facilities can obviously channel the safest and best HP business to itself and leave the doubtful financing to the London houses. The substantial profit margins of hire purchase have only been wiped out in recent years by the quantity of bad debt that was incurred; if the car dealers can check incidence of bad debts and if indeed HP car sales are starting to improve again this year, this should provide dealers with an attractive extra slice of profits.

For investors the pick of the bunch must be the biggest: Kennings. The company is excellently managed and has a good growth record in spite of the cyclical nature of the motor trade. Dividend record has been progressive. The 5s. ordinary shares yield a well-covered 3½ per cent. at around 30s. A smaller BMC distributor in the south is Caffyns of Eastbourne. This company also has a good growth record and has said that sales of cars for the year just ended were going well ahead of the previous year. The 5s. ordinary shares, placed two years ago at 10s. 4½d., are now almost 20s. at which the yield is a shade under 4 per cent. For those who prefer a go-ahead Ford dealer, Bristol Street Motors (run by two Americans) has a lively record which should further improve this year because of the company's big stake in hire purchase. The 4s. shares at about 26s. yield 3·8 per cent.

M. Robert Cointreau and Mr. Dennis Eldergill, head barman at the Imperial Hotel in Torquay. They are discussing the new liqueur Majestic that M. Cointreau introduced to guests at the Anjou Gastronomic Weekend. The liqueur's début as a cocktail ingredient was described in "The Sphere" of April 13

A clay model of a blue whale receives finishing touches from Mr. Eric Norman of Norman and Raymond, sculptors in Clapham. The whale is to be cast in glass fibre by Plaster Decoration Co. Ltd., and will blow water through its blow hole into the outdoor heated swimming pool which is under construction at the Grand Hotel in Eastbourne



Stage one: glass fibre is blown on to a shaped screen for a controlled period and held there by suction

PROTECTIVE HEADGEAR FOR INDUSTRY

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

I have always understood that three years' rest is needed by champagne after dégorgement (the process of ejecting the sediment from the neck of the bottle collected during the second fermentation) before, in the case of a good quality vintage wine, it is fit to be shipped. I also thought that it took two years from the picking of the grapes to the time of the dégorgement. This adds up to five years, and in the past no vintage champagne has been offered less than five years after the date of the vintage. The last vintage for most marques, 1955, appeared during 1961 and 1962, with slight variations between the different shippers.

I was, therefore, rather surprised when I was invited to taste the 1959 vintage to be shipped now by the firm of Taittinger. In fact two different kinds of 1959 will be shipped and I have tasted both. The first was a Blanc de Blancs—this means that the wine is made entirely of the juice of white grapes, while most good champagnes depend on a judicious balance of the juice of white and black grapes—called Comtes de Champagne. Blanc de Blancs, not being the blend of various kinds of grapes, are, generally speaking, less complete wines. However, they have a freshness and lightness, which gives them a character and quality of their own.

In this particular case, the Blanc de Blancs showed a little more acidity than the blended 1959, and perhaps for this reason it gave the impression of less roundness and maturity. Comtes de Champagne 1959 is shipped in an " antique " style bottle, the shape of which, according to the shippers, also contributes to " better fermentation of the champagne." It is a pleasant enough wine, particularly when a light aperitif is required, and so it should be at the retail price of 44s. 6d. a bottle.

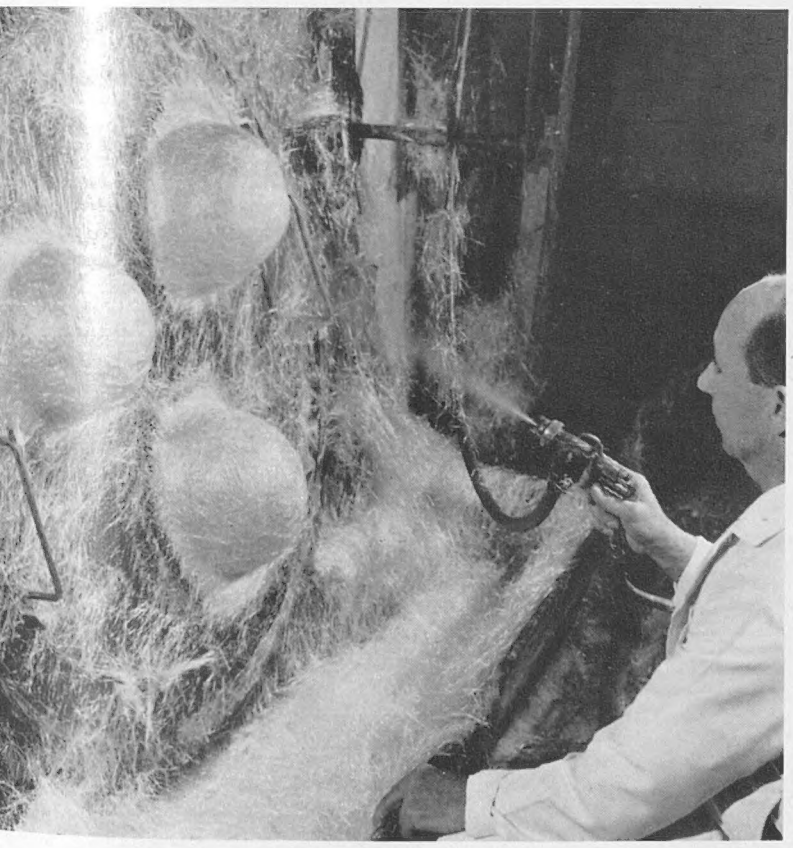
The " Extra Dry " which is the normal, blended, vintage champagne was smoother, as was to be expected, and also less dry. The explanation for the extraordinary early date of making this vintage available given by the shippers is interesting. It is based on a report on the 1959 vintage by their Chef de Caves at Rheims.

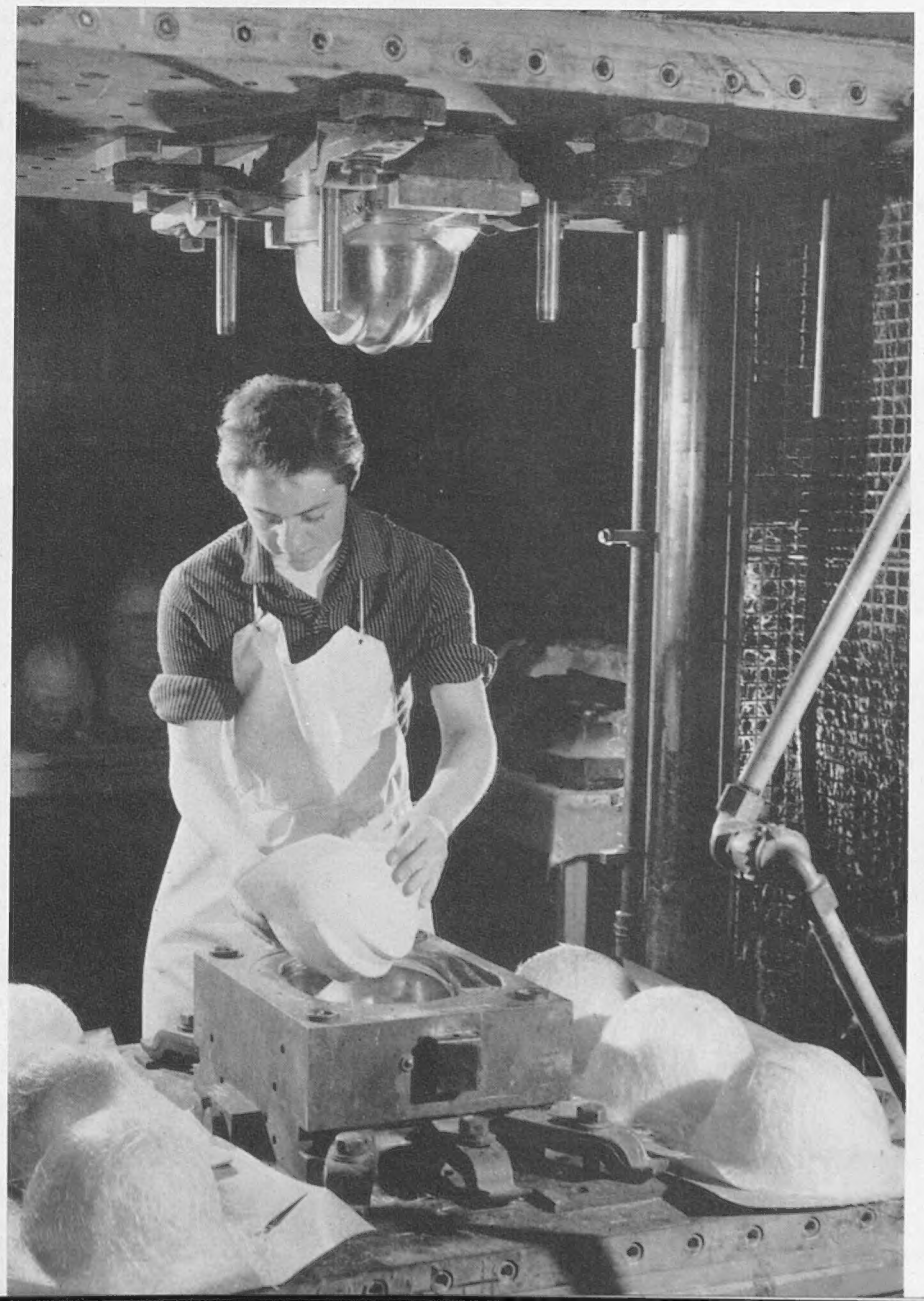
He describes the reasons for the exceptionally successful conditions prevailing in 1959, giving praise to the weather. He goes on: " Thus we found all the conditions to enable the vintage in Champagne to begin very early as the grapes were generally mature and gave every satisfaction. The vintage began on September 6, 1959, that is two weeks earlier than the average during the preceding 25 years." He then goes on to detail the high alcohol content and low acidity of the musts, both outstanding, compared to the average, and concludes: " After champagnisation, the 1959 wines showed themselves as wines with a very fine bouquet, very alcoholic and with a total lacking of acidity. These are the sort of wines which ripen more quickly under these conditions than wines of the preceding years and which for the same reasons will begin to decline equally quickly. We think from the point of view of tasting that the wines for the year 1959 are at the present moment at their optimum level and are, therefore, to be presented to the public without delay." And this is what the house of Taittinger has done. Now it remains to be seen if members of the public will support this expert's opinion. To reassure the doubting, I understand that there are still good stocks of both kinds of champagne of the previous 1955 vintage.

Some time ago I wrote here about the VDQS wines of France. To refresh memories, the initials stand for Vins Délimités de Qualité Superieure, and wines bearing the letters have to be of a certain standard defined by French law. The wines must be made of grapes harvested from limited areas of vineyards, traditional methods of vinification must be used, and finally the wines are subjected to tasting and analysis, and only if these are satisfactory are they allowed to carry the " label de garantie " bearing the magic letters.

Among the areas where such wines may be produced is the Côtes de Provence, an area best known for its rosé wines. These are mostly drunk near by, they are popular on the Côte d'Azur, but are also acceptable in other parts of France. Their chief characteristic is a fairly high alcohol content, which is not immediately obvious. They are mostly semi-dry, or dry. Without a great deal of distinction, they are invariably easy to drink, and are particularly refreshing in the south, and in the summer.

One of these wines, Pradel Rosé Dry, was introduced recently in London by the shippers, Messrs. W. E. Smith & Co. To demonstrate the universal "drinkability " of this pink Provençal, they presented it as the only wine to be served with an excellent lunch. It is hard to say how convincing the demonstration turned out to be. The lunch consisted of oysters (or smoked salmon), saddle of lamb with vegetables, lemon pancakes and cheese. I am quite prepared to admit that I found nothing objectionable in drinking Pradel Rosé Dry throughout that lunch. I am also quite willing to accept the supposition that on a really hot summer's day, a well chilled rosé makes a very acceptable drink. This particular one has an attractive, though just a little " gimmicky," bottle to boot which will help to make the wine popular. I can see a bright future for Pradel Rosé Dry this coming summer, if the weather is good, even at the relatively high price of 13s. 9d. a bottle.





These pictures taken at Acrow (Reinforced) Plastics Ltd. show three stages in the manufacture of an industrial helmet from Cellobond polyester resin and glass fibre. Glass fibre is cut into 2-in. lengths and blown on to a shaped screen. This produces the basic shape which is then sprayed with a binder solution **(above)**, and dried. A steam-heated matched-metal tool press-moulds the glass fibre with polyester resin to produce the final shape **(right)**. This is drilled with holes for the head-strap and lettered as required. The end-product is only 15 ozs. in weight, yet strong enough to comply with the British Standard for safety helmets (BS 2826). One of the tests is to drop a steel ball weighing 8 lbs. from a height of 5 ft. on to the crown of the helmet. To pass the test the headgear must withstand the impact load of 40 ft./lbs.

MOTORING

ANOTHER SPEEDY CORTINA

The newly announced G.T. version; the A.A. handbook

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

With the announcement by British Ford of yet another version of their Cortina—a 90 m.p.h. *gran turismo* saloon selling for £749 (two doors) or £766 (four doors)—the number of different Cortina models now on sale totals 14! If we count two-door and four-door versions separately, Ford now offer 30 variants of six basic models: Anglia, Cortina, Classic, Capri, Zephyr and Zodiac. They range in price (including tax) from £514 for the cheapest Anglia to £1,249 for the Zodiac estate car.

There is a difference of £527 in the prices of the cheapest and dearest Cortinas. They range from the 1,198 c.c. two-door version (£573) to the 1,558 c.c. Lotus model (which develops 105 b.h.p. and is the fastest British Ford ever put on the market), and for which you have to make out a cheque for £1,100. In between these extremes there are a number of Cortina models powered by a 1,499 c.c. engine with a five-bearing crankshaft which helps to give a very smooth performance. There is now a choice of estate cars ranging from the £683 1·2-litre De Luxe model, to the £786 1·5-litre Super version.

For the new G.T. model the 1½-litre engine is boosted to 78½ b.h.p. (compared with 59½ in the standard edition) by raising the compression ratio; fitting a twin-choke Weber carburettor, larger exhaust valves and a four-branch exhaust manifold; and by modifying the crankshaft. You can cruise at 80 m.p.h. and go from zero to 60 m.p.h. in just over 13 seconds. For normal touring a petrol mileage of 30 to the gallon can be expected. An attractive console in the middle of the driving compartment houses a short remote-control gear lever, an oil pressure gauge, an ammeter, a glove box and an ashtray. There is also a rev-counter on the dash and heater and screen washers are standard. At the time of the G.T. model announcement Cortinas were being built at the rate of 1,200 a day, and already 135,000 had been sold—60 per cent of them abroad.

What a remarkable man is Mr. George Kendrick of Warsash, Hampshire! You can almost call him Britain's motoring economy king for he has won his class in the Mobil Economy Run every year since the event was started in 1955. This year he did it in a big 3-litre Vanden Plas Princess. Over a rally route of 1,100 miles, with a schedule which has been described as the toughest yet for the Mobil Run, he returned the remarkable petrol mileage of 34·4 to the gallon. The Run started and ended at Harrogate and there were 40 cars taking part.

It doesn't seem to matter what size car Kendrick drives in this event; he always beats the others in his class. Last year he was driving a little Austin Mini-Cooper in which he averaged 58·68 m.p.g. In this year's event he helped the British Motor Corporation to win all four classes. That for 1½-2-litre cars was won by Dr. P. T. Walker of Reading, an atomic scientist at Harwell, who returned a figure of 41·09 m.p.g. in a Morris Oxford. In the 1-1½-litre class the winning car was a twin-carburettor M.G. 1100 in which Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Hill of Romiley, Cheshire, averaged 44·61 m.p.g. In the baby class the honours went to Mr. M. Gething of Folkestone in an Austin Mini. He did 53·93 miles to the gallon.

In their 1963 Members' Handbook, nearly 3,000,000 copies of which are being distributed by the Automobile Association, I note an interesting new feature: a page devoted to what are called "motoring misconceptions." This is an excellent idea and puts motorists right on a number of points about which there is muddled thinking. I would cross swords with the A.A., however, when they say that when cruising fast on a motorway the correct procedure is to stay in the nearside lane unless it is occupied by slower-moving vehicles. This advice is all right, in my opinion, if the motorway is reasonably clear, but it seldom is. If one is travelling at 70 or 80 m.p.h., which are reasonable speeds on our new motorways, I think it is stupid to make a fetish of going back into the nearside lane *every* time one has overtaken a slower vehicle.

I expect the A.A. is really getting at the slow driver who will insist on hogging the middle lane—and he is usually the sort of driver who never looks in his rear mirror. Intelligent and constant use of the driving mirror is, of course, one of the secrets of safe motorway driving.

With every year that passes the A.A. Members' Handbook becomes more and more valuable. I often think this alone is worth the two guineas membership subscription. The 1963 edition lists 4,200 hotels and more than 5,000 garages. Among the hotels there are still only ten with the five-star badge of luxury. In common with the R.A.C. and Royal Scottish Automobile Club the A.A. is busy revising its list of four-star hotels and I am informed that a number have either been reduced to three-star rating or have had all their stars taken away—for the time being at any rate. I am glad to see that the 1963 Handbook contains large-scale maps of the areas round Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Previously only London has had this treatment.

Briefly. . . . I like the new five-miles-to-the-inch road atlases covering Great Britain, published by Shell and BP at 12s. 6d. each. There is a special section for London at a scale of three-quarters of a mile to the inch. . . . Books in my "in" tray this week include a Motels Guide listing 231 motels in the U.K. and 16 Continental countries, published by the United Trade Press at 2s.; and an addition to Odhams' Owner-Driver Handbook series dealing with the side-valve versions of the Hillman Minx and Husky models (9s. 6d.). . . .

Dunlop have announced a new racing tyre—the R6—in succession to the R5 announced in September 1957. They claim better adhesion in the wet and improved braking on dry tracks. . . . The Slip organisation claims that tests carried out by the Loughborough College of Technology proved that the addition of molybdenum disulphide to the engine oil makes a car more powerful and more economical. Five cars were driven on different routes for 2,000 miles each. . . .

"Get fit for the road" is the theme for a 12 months national road safety campaign sponsored by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. It covers psychological as well as mechanical fitness and will continue until March 31 next year. . . . For car owners who like to keep a detailed log of their motoring activities and expenses, F. and J. Randall (Stationers) Ltd., of Long Street, London, E.2, have produced a handsome reference book which is the most comprehensive of its kind yet published. Bound in best quality hide it costs 57s. 6d., but there is a cheaper edition at 22s. 6d. . . .

The new *gran turismo* version of the Ford Cortina has a top speed of 90 m.p.h. and can cruise at over 80 m.p.h.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, The Sphere, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

Excursion into Kent. This, the oldest of the English kingdoms, is often overlooked by homeland and overseas tourists because, like Little Jack Horner, it stands in a corner.

The coastline is one of its great assets, for the bracing air of Thanet and the high average sunshine record of its coastline from Birchington right round to the boundary of Sussex, is not to be sneezed at. On the contrary, once influenza and the common cold have had their innings, Londoners and others much farther afield can breathe life anew at a wide choice of hotels suited to varying tastes and pockets.

This year our excursion started at a garden gateway to Kent on the East Sussex border, that soothing country house base, *Brickwall Hotel,* Sedlescombe, where the Kent and Sussex boundaries intertwine like a hop vine. We made Hawkhurst in Kent our first objective. Few villages could be so elongated, but the main attraction centres on the London/Rye road. At the extreme end of the village on the road to Rye is the *Tudor Arms Hotel,* a misleading name which may conjure up in one's mind a roadside hostelry with tap, public and saloon bars predominating. On the contrary, this once *Tudor Hall Hotel,* renamed by the present owners' predecessors, fully licensed, has definite country house characteristics, with a comfortable residents' lounge, a companionable bar lounge and, off that, a most pleasant restaurant, with banquette seating. Here we enjoyed a meal reflecting the freshness of farm and garden. It was served by a demure country maid—so refreshing after the antics of so many present-day waiters.

Time did not permit of our re-visiting Cranbrook (note *The George*—a Trust House), or the weathered beamed *Star and Eagle* at Goudhurst, but we did visit the small attractive *White Lion* at Tenterden, where Mr. C. Butler, the resident host/manager, draws custom from a wide area for his honest English fare.

A network of roads radiates from Canterbury to the Kentish coastline. Taking the A28, we headed for the North Foreland, turning off to revisit a small fourteenth-century hotel—*The Old Oak Cottage,* Minster-in-Thanet, originally the guest house of Minster Abbey. Which hotel can claim to be the smallest fully licensed hotel in England? This is surely an eligible candidate. A cottage-like lounge, a diminutive restaurant, a tiny bar and, leading off it, a bathroom! Up a narrow, winding stairway are seven centrally-heated bedrooms and, surprise upon surprise, two of them have their *own* bathrooms! True, one has been built out of what might have been a priest's hiding place, but how clever to have fitted one in at all. This is not an hotel for the not-sizes in girth or height, but it has a great appeal for many who enjoy old-world surroundings, appetising home-cooking, a friendly welcome, and Irish at that.

Birchington and Westgate-on-Sea were our next objectives. Our first call was at *The Beresford Hotel* at Birchington, which impressed us immensely. The whole hotel was so light, bright and well-cared for. There was no talk of the terrible winter, no moan about lack of trade. On the contrary, *The Beresford* is much sought after all the year round by those who want the best in comfort, cuisine and service, and are able and willing to pay for it.

Tempted as we were to stay for luncheon, we had already worked out a schedule which would bring us to *Sea Grange Hotel,* Westgate-on-Sea, by 1 o'clock. Though it was nearly 1.30 when we arrived and others were finishing their luncheon, we were made most welcome by Mr. and Mrs. R. Gardner who, in spite of it being out of season, have an ever-open door, warm lounges, well-aired beds and delicious home-cooking. This hotel must be one of the best two-star hotels in Britain. Long may they prosper.

Returning to Canterbury, we revisited that doyen of Trust Houses hereabouts, *The Chaucer Hotel,* which looked as fresh and inviting as it was when we stayed there some six years ago. Here we were glad to still find Mr. and Mrs. France as joint managers, for established management means so much in a smooth-running hotel. Situated in Ivy Lane, close to the junction of the Circular and Dover roads, one could well choose *The Chaucer* as a central base from which to tour this section of Kent.

Our next stop was for luncheon at *The Royal Hotel* at Deal, a social headquarters for local residents and golfers. This, one of the Trident Group, is certainly one of their best. Our table d'hôte lunch could not have been bettered. Both management and staff had a friendly word for regulars and strangers, and the bedrooms are delightfully furnished. An hotel that should be on every motorist's selective hotel list.

Every week we aim to stay two nights in one hotel to give ourselves and our car a rest. Those who know *The Burlington* at Folkestone will agree that we could not have made a better choice. The good impression commences from the time one rang through to inquire about accommodation—such a friendly voice. Then the hall staff are so pleasant and efficient on one's arrival. Our bedroom (we have stayed in many here) was restful, replete and relaxing. There was a writing table to spread all one's papers out, solid well-fitting wardrobes and, in the adjoining bathroom, every need anticipated.

Time did not permit of us paying anything but cursory calls at other recommendations hereabouts, viz.: *The Imperial, Stade Court* and *White Hart* at Hythe; *The Clifton* (Trust House), *Prince's, Greystones* in Folkestone, and the motel at New Inn Green, but they all are sound, for continuity of management or ownership remains.

We did, however, make a detour to revisit the small *Blue Dolphins Hotel,* Dymchurch Road, New Romney, worth noting en route to Lydd Airport, only three miles distant. The reason? Roy, Audrey and Gay Woodman are dedicated to their kitchen and kitchen garden. Butter and wine are used lavishly in cooking and, except for a set lunch, everything is à la carte, and cooked to order. In this cosy environment, the seven bedrooms are in demand all the year round.

Though we have not come to the end of our journey, we have reached the last milestone in our allotted space. From New Romney we proceeded northward via Tenterden, Cranbrook, Tunbridge Wells to Rochester and Gravesend. But of this section of Kent—more anon.

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